

# The Star

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No. 470

## IN FAITH.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

Beyond the vast, eternal sea  
I see my dear ones stand,  
And know they watch and wait for me  
With many a beckoning hand.  
But strong with faith in God above  
His own good time I wait,  
Content to trust the Eternal Love  
Which leads home, soon or late.  
I feel the presence of this love  
About me all the way,  
I am not walking here alone;  
In God's my hand I lay.  
He cheers me when I falter most,  
By tender words and sweet,  
And trustfully I follow him  
Although with bleeding feet.  
What matter if the way is long?  
I know it leadeth home.  
What matter if about my path  
Earth's many sorrows come?  
So with a faith that falters not,  
I tread the toilsome way,  
And wait my Father's own good time  
To pass the gates of day.

## Bowie,

### The Knight of Chivalry; OR, WHAT A WOMAN WILL DO.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

AUTHOR OF "ELEGANT GIBERT," "TIGER DICK,"  
"A HARD CROWD," ETC.

## CHAPTER V.

"YOU MUST NOT KNOW ME!"

"Dodge to one side! He cannot follow you. Dodge to one side, I say!"  
Led by the subtle fascination of this girl's pure beauty, in such marked contrast with that of the siren who had so perturbed his passionate nature, James Bowie had followed Miriam, to be at hand in her time of sore need.

With one terrified glance in his direction the girl did as he bade her, narrowly escaping the jaws that opened like a huge trap.  
The clumsy monster turned, but a bold man stood between it and its prey, and thrust a cudgel into the yawning throat. The iron jaws closed upon it with a snap, crunching it to atoms, but the reptile recoiled painfully wounded.

Instantly Bowie turned, caught the terrified girl in his arms, and bounded away with her to a tree, where he set her in safety among the branches, and turned to meet the foe that was charging him furiously.

As he had directed Miriam, he now sprung to one side, and as the alligator passed, leaped upon its back.  
Taken thus at a disadvantage, the ungainly monster sought to cast its bold rider, by rushing hither and thither, forward and backward, and by lashing its tail. But the scale armor of this weapon prevents its near approach to the back, and Bowie could crouch beneath its sweep and laugh at the vain attempts of the reptile to reach him.

Failing in every effort, the alligator would have plunged into the bayou, and, in its own element, become master; but, catching up a handful of mud, Bowie plastered it over the creature's eyes, and the formidable monster stopped short, utterly helpless.

Dismounting from his strange steed, which now stood perfectly motionless, Bowie went to its head, and taking fair aim, discharged his pistol into one of its eyes, then leaped out of danger.

The dying convulsions of the monster were terrible, and under the lash of its tail the rank vegetation was torn as if by a whirlwind. It lasted but a moment, however, when death still-ed all.

And now he was the recipient of her thanks. And she was a famous hero-worshiper, with her clinging ways, her soft voice, and her clear, searching eyes.

The man whom a wild beast could not daunt was so embarrassed by the gratitude of this simple, pure-hearted girl that he almost hailed Sammy's unmusical voice with a feeling of relief.

"What, ho! What, ho! What, ho! Hath jealous Fate torn my mistress from me! Yield her back, oh, ye dryads and satyrs!"  
"Oh, Sammy!" cried Miriam, with a sudden smile of delight; and turning to her companion, added in her usual tone: "It is a friend who came with me."

"Hail! all hail, most sovereign lady! I thought—"

"Sammy, this gentleman has just saved my life!"

"Just done what?" asked the youth, staring blankly from one to the other.

"Just saved my life! I was attacked by an alligator! See—there it lies dead."

Sammy gazed at the dead reptile in white-lipped awe, then with deep emotion addressed Bowie:

"Sir, if it would repay you in any degree for what you have done, I would lay down my hands for you to walk upon!"

"Oh, Sammy! that is so like you!" murmured Miriam, resting her cheek against his arm and raising her tearful eyes to his face.

"That boy is no fool," reflected Bowie, recalling his introduction to him at the green-room door. "There was never more genuine pathos than in his voice and look now."

With a respect which a moment before he would not have thought possible, he grasped the youth's hand.

While James Bowie recovered his knife, which he had dropped in his novel ride, this dialogue passed rapidly between Miriam and Sammy.

"Do you suppose He would object to him?"

"What! the man who has just saved your life?"

"That was why I asked. That must make a difference."

"I should think so!"

"I want to ask him to lunch with us."

"Of course. Why not?"

The invitation was extended, and accepted more gladly than she knew.

In spite of herself, Miriam could not appear at ease, and to draw attention from her, Sammy brought forward his most extravagant conceits.

Through his fancy the snowy bread became ambrosia, the water nectar, and himself a male Hebe, the cup-bearer of the gods.



Leoline, the actress, tripping into the room, gazed in embarrassment from one excited face to the other.

It was after the repast was over that he made his most unlucky speech.

"Methinks, my lord, I have met thee before, when the Castle of the Lady Leoline was honored by thy presence."

"Yes," said Bowie, "and I have also had the honor of being of slight service to Miss Miriam on a former occasion."

"To me?" exclaimed the girl.

"No longer ago than last night, before the St. Charles Hotel. Are you not the same?"

"And you are the gentleman who—"

The girl turned pale and seemed to shrink from him in affright.

"I beg your pardon for recalling an unpleasant occurrence," said Bowie, not a little chagrined at his faux pas.

"It is not that," said Miriam, evidently in great distress and perplexity; "but I cannot—Oh! how can I tell you, when I owe you so much! I did not know that you were the gentleman who protected me from insult. I did not see you then, so that I could not recognize you to-day. And now you will think me so ungrateful—"

"I beg that you will dismiss the whole subject from your thoughts—"

"But I must tell you. And, oh! indeed it is a matter over which I have no control! And you will not think me ungrateful!" cried the girl, taking his hand in hers and raising her tearful eyes appealingly to his face.

"No," said Bowie, gravely. "I will not think you ungrateful."

"Well, I must make a request which will seem strange to you, and yet I cannot explain. Our acquaintance must stop here and now, and you must not try to find out who I am, nor appear to know me, if we meet by accident. Oh! I know that you feel hurt!"

"Go on," said Bowie, striving to conceal the pain which was far deeper than she imagined, because it sprang from a different source.

"And you must never speak of what has occurred to-day, nor must Sammy. Oh! will you forgive me? Indeed! indeed! I do appreciate all that I owe you, and the shameful return I am making—"

"Say no more, I beg of you. Of course your motives are correct. I do not seek to know them. You may rely on my discretion. And now, since my presence is painful to you, I will bid you good-by."

"Oh! how can I let you go like this!"

"I know what you feel, and that is sufficient for me. Good-by."

He bowed and was gone.

"Why, what is it all about?" asked Sammy, as the girl sunk on the ground in tears.

"Sammy, father saw me on the street last night, returning from the delivery of work that had to be taken home. Before the St. Charles a man attempted to stop me, and Mr. Bowie pushed him aside. Father was furious about it. I thought he would curse me. He forbade me ever to appear in the street again unmolested, after dark, on any pretext whatever. He seemed terribly afraid that I should form the acquaintance of Mr. Bowie, though I assured him that I had not seen his face and should not know him if I were to meet him. But he persisted, and commanded me, if the gentleman ever caught me out, to have nothing to do with him. And now I have obeyed!"

"Miriam," said the boy, with questioning concern in his eyes, "why is your father so determined that you shall form no acquaintances among gentlemen—or any one else, for that matter?"

"I don't know, Sammy, our day is spoilt. Let us go home."

But Sammy was a better and wiser friend than that. By argument and persuasion he kept her out with nature until the shadows of the tropical night began to fall; and when again they found themselves amid the stir and bustle of the crowded city, the thoroughfares were ablaze with light from the shop windows and the entrances of places of amusement.

As they ascended the dark stairway to Miriam's home (flights are a luxury in cheap lodgings) they became aware that some one was hurriedly pacing the floor.

"It is the Curate!" whispered Sammy, and immediately added: "I beg your pardon!—your father."

"Oh! he is in one of his moods to-night!" reflected the girl, with quickening heart-beats.

To Sammy she whispered: "Let me go in alone. Here is the bouquet for Leoline. Good-night."

"I wish I could help you!" said the youth, wistfully.

"No! no! you cannot. Good-night!"

"Good-night!"

Reluctantly he turned, after pressing her hand, and slowly went back down the steps.

Her heart swelling with grateful affection, the girl listened until his footsteps died away, then opened the door and entered her home.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE SLAVE OF A PASSION.

The Curate was pacing the room, striking his hands together excitedly, with flushed face and flashing eyes. Old age seemed to have fallen from him like a discarded mantle.

"Ah! these dingy walls—how I hate them!" he muttered. "They are stealing the beauty from your cheeks, like flowers blooming in the shade. Your home should and shall be hung with silken tapestry, carpeted with Indian rugs, and decorated with all that the world holds of beauty. Ah! Miriam, my darling, the night of sorrow and privation is past—the resplendent dawn of happiness and luxury is at hand."

Is it invoked by his impassioned apostrophe, the girl entered the room.

"Father!"

"My dear child!"

With genuine affection he took both her hands and kissed her on the brow. And she smiled lovingly, yet sadly, her eyes humid with deprecating pity.

"What! tears?" cried the Curate—"tears, when all is to be sunshine and happiness!—tears, when you are to have your house in town and your villa in the country!—tears, when you are to roll in your carriage on the boulevard, and dazzle the world of fashion with the splendor of your diamonds at the ceremonial ball!—tears, when your every wish is to be catered to, and the world is to be at your feet!—tears—"

"Father, stop!—oh, stop!" sighed the girl. "Why will you not abandon this vain dream?"

"Dream! Ay, it has been but a dream! But to-night comes the awakening to a glorious realization!—to-night comes the full fruition of the hope that has eluded us through years and years of weary struggling and sickening defeat!"

"To-night, for the first time in my life, everything conspires in my favor. The bank has not had a reverse for thirteen weeks—after my unparalleled run of ill-luck, to-night is my thirteenth day of sequestration from the faro-table—to test the return of my luck, I tried dice this afternoon and threw triplet sixes three times in succession, followed by a throw of thirteen—and there is another coincidence of which I need not speak just now."

"By the way, you told me that you delivered some work last night!"

"Yes," replied the girl, faintly.

"For which you received?"

"Twenty dollars."

"Ah! so much! Why, that's a little fortune for these tiny hands to make! How sad that they should ever have to work for money! But never mind—they shall be covered with diamonds, before the year is out, to the amount of twenty times twenty dollars!"

"Miriam, I have an idea. You have no use for the money to-night. Lend it to me until to-morrow, and I will square it for you. Then you can buy your own jewels. Just think! how many belles can point to their gems, and say that the fingers earned their own adornment!"

"But, father," objected the girl, pale with distress, "our rent is over-due, and must be paid to-morrow."

"Rent!" cried the gambler, loftily; "to-morrow I shall have money enough to rent the grandest palace in all New Orleans!"

"But you might fail; and I would rather go without the gems than run such a risk."

The pleading of the girl, endeavoring to keep her scant earnings without wounding the vanity of her parent, was pathetic beyond description.

"But, child, I cannot fail!" cried the Curate.

"In twelve hours you may just as well have a hundred dollars for every one you have now."

"And there is the provision-dealer. I could only get him to continue our credit by showing him the work, and assuring him that I would pay him in full to-morrow."

"What!" cried the Curate, furiously indignant, "does the scurvy knave dare to question my ability and readiness to meet my household expenses? Must my daughter stand my surly? See! I could buy and sell a score of such rascals!"

And drawing a long pocket-book from his inner vest pocket, the Curate displayed before the astonished eyes of his daughter a package of bank bills that made her clasp her hands and cry:

"Oh, father!"

"That," cried the Curate, dramatically, "is but the seedling from which is to spring a colossal fortune—such a fortune as the world has never seen!"

He pushed Miriam from his knee and arose, as he spread the money out on the table; then, swelling with enthusiasm in contemplation of the vast operations he had marked out for the future, continued speaking with gestures, as if delivering an address.

"I may as well tell you all, now that success is so near at hand. Do you think that I shall be content with the million dollars, more or less, that I shall get out of this inheritance? No! every third man you meet on change has a million. I will not stop short of a money power that shall sway the destinies of nations!"

"With a million dollars at command I can and will crush every faro bank in America! By that time the world will ring with my name, and I shall have to assail the strongholds of Europe—Baden-Baden and the rest—incognito. But they cannot and shall not escape!"

"When I have no more fields to conquer in this direction, I shall have amassed wealth which will make me a veritable Monte-Christo. Then I will go into the great money centers of the world, and take part in those operations around which is thrown a veil of legitimacy, though everybody knows they are but gambling by another name. Here, gray-headed old magistrates, before whom all the world has bowed as demi-gods, will be but ripe grain before my sickle!"

"Ha! ha!—the world shall own me king!"

With tears streaming from her eyes, the girl put her arms about him, and with her head nestled against his breast and her eyes raised pleadingly to his, cried:

"Oh, father! father! stop!—do stop!"

"And you," he continued, not heeding her, but taking her face between his palms and gazing into it with eyes that blazed with excitement—"you shall be instrumental in this grand consummation! With your twenty dollars and ten that Calignay has promised me I shall have thirteen hundred! Is it not fate? Thirteen hundred dollars! Have you marked me!—the thirteen weeks of uninterrupted success on the part of the bank (gathering gold to swell my coffers)—my thirteen days of sequestration from the faro-table—thirteen by the dice—and now (that I avoided speaking of a moment ago) thirteen hundred dollars! All in thirteen!—an unlucky number; but the bank leads with its thirteen weeks of luck, hence the number is unlucky for the bank—LUCKY FOR ME! Girl, get me the money!"

"Father, use what you have, if you will, but leave me the little sum that is to pay for our food to-morrow."

"No, that makes the sum complete. One defective link in the chain, and all might fail. Shall we risk the loss of millions for a paltry twenty dollars?"

"It is all that we have!"

"Peace! Get me the money at once—I command you!"

She had never disobeyed him. With the prospect of being homeless and hungry on the morrow, she crossed the room on leaden feet, unlocked a drawer in the dresser, and handed him her little purse.

Then she sunk into a chair with her head on the table, and burst into tears.

With greedy eyes the gambler counted over the little sum of money, and added it to his

greater amount, then put the empty purse on the table.

"Miriam," he said, gently drawing the girl's head upon his breast, and removing her hands from her tear-wet face, "every tear is a reproach to me. Do you doubt my love?"

Before she could answer he suddenly cried: "Hark! there is a step in the lower hall! It is Calignay's! Miriam, he must not see you in tears. Retire to your room. My child, do not leave me the recollection of that sad face. It is enough to reverse my luck at the very moment of success. Cannot you smile?"

She smiled—oh! so sadly!—as she stood on tip-toe to kiss him. Then she glided from the room, and M. de Calignay was admitted.

From that interview the gambler came forth with the round sum of thirteen hundred dollars, plucked to his breast with savage energy. There was a dizzy swimming sensation of the head, a snell of blood in his nostrils, a humming sound in his ears, and dark spots floating before his vision. He stood on the threshold of his great destiny—so he thought!

On his part, the wily Frenchman held a promissory note bearing Arthur Wingate's signature, and the amount left blank!

Reader, let me show you a picture which will tell its own sad story.

Imagine, if you please, along, brilliantly-lighted saloon, with tessellated floor, mirrored walls, and frescoed ceiling supported by slender Corinthian columns and hung with chandeliers that are masses of glittering crystal.

About one of the many elaborately-carved tables are grouped all the men in the room save those whose duties hold them elsewhere. On this table are piles of bank-notes and gold and silver coin which a croupier is in the act of raking into the coffers of the "bank."

Midway on one side of the table sits a man small in stature, dressed in speckled broadcloth and immaculate linen, with no article of jewelry anywhere visible on his person. The most marked characteristic of the man is slippers.

His hair, scant in growth, is parted in the middle, and brushed until it seems to hide his scalp with not more than the thickness of a sheet of paper. His beardless face, and hands as fair as any woman's, seem slippery to the touch. His small, restless eyes wear the sign manual of insincerity. When he speaks, which is seldom, and always in a low voice, the words seem to glide from his tongue.

As he sits now, perfectly motionless, his livid pallor makes him look like a man of putty, only his eyes glitter like those of a snake, and there are lines about the corners of the mouth and the nostrils which remind one of a wild best just about to show its teeth.

This is Jerry Camp, the faro-banker.

A moment ago, after loss upon loss in uninterrupted succession, until the fortune he had spent years in amassing hung upon the turn of a single card, his face was as impassive as it is now, after that card has been turned and he knows that not only is his fortune secure, but he had added thousands of dollars to it in this one night.

The faces about the table are stamped with the pallor and awe that mark the presence of a great tragedy. One man stands with a look of almost helpless imbecility in his clammy face, and the stoop of decrepitude in his frame. With dazed incredulity he watches the rake of the croupier sweep away his money, and with it all his mad hopes.

For an hour it seemed as if he were destined to break the bank of the great Jerry Camp, until men swore that he was the "Favorite of Fortune," and rushed in to place their mites beside his colossal stake, and partake in his success.

Calignay, in a sudden change of his great fortune, he doubled his stake every turn of the cards, until the crash came that overwhelmed him with ruin.

The Curate has failed! He is a beggar!

Suddenly, without warning, he falls forward on the table, and so slips to the floor, to lie on an inanimate heap!

CHAPTER VII.

A DESOLATE HOME.

In the gray of the morning Jerry Camp sat in his private office, in a quinary what to do with the Curate, who lay in a dull stupor in one of the rooms attached to the establishment.

Three-fourths of the sporting world had a street acquaintance with the gambler, but no one knew anything more about him, or who were his friends.

But the dilemma adjusted itself when a stranger appeared before the faro-banker's door.

He bowed with his left hand behind him, under the skirt of his coat, and thrust a card, held between the first and middle fingers of his right hand, at Jerry Camp, as if about to prod him with it.

The card, greasy and grimed and frayed at the edges with long service, was disreputable and unwholesome in the extreme.

The man was quite as disreputable in appearance as his card.

He wore a crush hat which had long outlived its palmy days. His coat of alpaca had evidently seen service as an office coat, since the left sleeve bore unmistakable evidences of having been used as a pen-wiper. It was buttoned close about the throat, a handkerchief, noted over clean, being superadded. The two suggested a soiled shirt and no collar. His pantaloons of black cassimere, evidently sustained by one suspender, hung slovenly about his feet, to be frayed and dragged with dirt. In keeping with everything that pertained to their wearers, his shoes were run over at the heels.

Under his arm he carried a bag, such as law-ymen use, suggesting rather than preserving its original green color.

So much for externals. The man himself was a wizened-faced, gimlet-eyed little sharper, some mean that it seemed as if his soul grudged his bones enough flesh to cover them. His voice, when he spoke, was thin, as if air were an expensive commodity, or the speaker were trying to economize lung-force by using only half a word.

His style of delivery was of the "spread an eagle" order. He was always addressing an imaginary jury.

Jerry Camp's visitor introduced himself thus: "Ernest Quirk, Esq.—at your service, sir."

Attorney and Counselor-at-Law, Room 49, (fourth floor), No. 7 Court House Place; retained, sir, in the interests of one Arthur Wingate, gentleman of leisure, otherwise known—and doubtless to you, sir—as 'the Curate.' I am advised, gentlemen of the—(Ah! I beg your pardon, sir! but habit is a hard master, is it not, sir?) I have received notification—ah, informally—that my client is now lying on



your premises, smitten by the hand of Divine Providence; and my business here, sir, is to effect a transfer to the bosom of his afflicted family. No doubt, sir, you will be glad to cooperate with me in the matter."

Jerry Camp received the lawyer's card, taking it gingerly between his finger and thumb by the cleanest-looking corner, glanced at it, ascertaining that Mr. Quirk had quoted its inscription *verbatim*, and placed it on the edge of the table, where it could not soil anything by contact.

We may remark in passing that, before leaving the spot, Ezreth Quirk, Esq., stealthily repossessed himself of the card, to do service on future occasions.

"I will have a carriage called immediately, at my own expense," said the lawyer. "I am sorry that the occasion for it should have occurred. I thank you for relieving me from an embarrassing position."

With some difficulty the Curate was got into the landau which Jerry Camp procured for his accommodation.

Ezreth Quirk followed, waved his hand loftily to those who were left on the street, saying: "Good-morning, gentlemen!—good-morning!"

So they drove in the early morning to the humble lodgings of the man who had believed that to-day was to inaugurate the grandest financial career the world had ever witnessed.

Heavy-eyed with weeping and sleeplessness, Miriam answered Ezreth Quirk's knock.

The lawyer doffed his hat and bowed with his hand on his heart.

"My dear Miss Wingate," he said, "I hope that you will rise superior to the common weaknesses of your sex. A painful duty has devolved upon me. In the absence of my client, M. de Caligny, who is now out of town, I am acting as I know he would act."

Miriam's eyes began to distend with foreboding, and her lips fell apart, beginning to quiver.

"Madam," pursued the lawyer, "I beg that you will be calm. I assure you that there is no cause for anxiety. The case of the defendant—(Madam) with a low bow of deprecation, you will surely pardon me, if my life vocation obtrudes itself occasionally into my speech!) I was about to say that, although your father has been unfortunate, a few days in the calm of the family circle, with the consolations which your affection will prompt, will restore him to his wonted equanimity."

"My father has failed!" gasped Miriam, paling with the consciousness of all that those few words portended.

"Let us hope that it will prove a grand success, if it cures him of—I beg your pardon!—shall I say—his unfortunate passion?"

"He has failed!" repeated the girl, in a scared tone.

"Ah! Where is he?" she gasped; and then, with a quivering cry: "Oh, father!"

"I beg that you will calm yourself. There is no occasion for alarm—not the least in the world. I came before to prepare you. We will fetch him up at once—Ah!"

The girl heard the words "we will fetch him up," and with a sharp cry of desperation darted through the door and fled down the stairs as fast as her feet would carry her.

Seeing her father's recumbent posture in the landau, she inferred that he was dead, killed by the shock of failure, or hurried into the dread hereafter by his own hand—the recourse of so many ruined capitalists. With a slight start, she started the people whose vocations called them thus early into the street, she leaped into the carriage, clasped the loved form in her arms, and fainted away.

Windows were thrown up on both sides of the street, and heads thrust forth—some night-capped, more from lack of sleep, and others with Pedestrians stopped in their hurried walk and ran across the street; others came round the corners; until, with the surprising celerity with which crowds form in a populous city, the carriage was surrounded by an excited throng, everybody asking everybody else what was the matter, or volunteering theories derived from data which were common to all observers—a man semi-unconscious and a girl wholly so lying together in a carriage.

At last father and daughter were got up-stairs, and the crowd dispersed.

Later, Ezreth Quirk, Esq., took his departure. He expressed regret at his inability to serve her further, business engagements, which his duty to his own family—he was a poor man, with a family large in proportion, or, perhaps, disproportionate—warned him must not be neglected.

She comprehended not a word that he uttered. So now she sat alone, overwhelmed.

The morning advanced. By and by there came a knock on her door.

She rose wearily—nothing! She was faint with hunger, though she knew it not, having eaten nothing since yesterday—closed her father's door as she passed through it, and opened the outer door.

She stood face to face with her landlord—or, more correctly, his agent—who bowed with an obsequious smile that turned her sick at heart!

The house-agent was a man of a little less than the ordinary stature, with flesh enough to make him weigh in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds. Physically, he was a well-fed animal. Intellectually, he viewed every thing in its relation to his five senses, and valued it in just the degree to which it contributed to their gratification. If he had any moral sense, it never operated as a check upon his actions. His conscience was circumscribed by the statutory law.

His bullet-head, his restless, little eyes, his heavy lips, showed cunning, cruelty, grossness. He put his hat under his arm while bowing, and entered the room rubbing his hands and still nodding his head at each step, the fawning smile of innate sycophancy on his face.

"Ah! Miss Miriam, good-morning!" was his salutation. "A pleasant morning we're having—a very pleasant morning. And you are looking well, my dear—remarkably well. Ah! what would you do without youth and beauty!—what indeed!"

The girl followed the door as she opened it, backing out of the way of the house-agent, so that he could enter without passing near her.

"Good-morning, Mr. Gross. Be seated, if you please," she said, faintly, motioning him to a chair at one end of the table, while she stood at the other end.

"Thank you, my child! thank you!" said Gross, sinking into the chair with a hand on either knee, and continuing to rub his knees as before he had rubbed his hands together. "Ah! I am somewhat heavy on my feet, and these stairs are long—very long—interminable! But, bless me, my dear, the sight of your charming face is like a draught of old wine—it is indeed! I always feel repaid for the effort of mounting heavenward. Ah! ah! that is good! Yes, yes, it is mounting heavenward indeed to come where you are. But, pardon me! Ha! ha! These compliments must seem trite—ah—stale and unprofitable to you, since one of your beauty—your beauty and winning graces, my dear, must be surfeited with them every day."

The girl, who was not used to Mr. Gross's peculiar style of conversation, flushed scarlet while she stood trembling with downcast eyes, waiting for him to cease speaking.

Timidly she raised her eyes from the table to his face, with a mute appeal that must have reached the most infinitesimal soul, had there been such a thing in the possession of this animal, whose business in the world was to feed himself on savory viands, to clothe his body in warm fabrics, and to repose on downy beds of ease.

"Mr. Gross," she said, in a choking voice, "I am very sorry that I cannot pay you the money that is due you to-day."

"Hm!" replied Gross.

He began to stroke his stubby beard, and the smile faded from his face.

"Let me see," he said, reflectively. "It was due—ah—last week—yes, this day week."

"Yes," replied the girl, faintly.

"Hum—ah—does my memory serve me? It

seems to me that you said something about some work that you could rely on."

"You didn't get paid as you expected, I suppose?"

"Yes, I was paid," said the girl, in a voice that could scarcely be heard.

"Then you got the money? How did it happen that you did not save it for me?"

The girl wrung her hands and writhed in an agony of embarrassment. She could not cast the blame on her father. Yet how otherwise could she explain?

"I cannot tell you," she replied; "but indeed I fully intended to pay you. And I will get work, and let you have the money as soon as possible."

The house-agent knit his brows and tapped his foot on the carpet.

"Hum! It is a week overdue, and there is no definite prospect."

"I will do the best I can. If you will trust me, I will not fail you again."

"You see, my principal is a hard man—a very hard man indeed. And I have little or no discretionary power. Only last week he compelled me to sell out a poor family. My heart bled for them. Ah! I have no idea what became of them."

The girl clenched her hands together and quivered from head to foot, gazing at the speaker with terror-distended eyes.

"I could wait on you last week," pursued Gross, "only because my report has not to be rendered until to-morrow. The account must be straight then, or I will receive instructions to proceed against you at once."

A shiver ran through the girl's frame.

"But I can't do that," continued the house-agent. "I'd rather pay the rent out of my own pocket."

"Oh! I can't have you do that!" cried Miriam, quickly.

Instinctively she shrank from placing herself under personal obligations to this man.

"There is no other way, my dear. And I have always wanted to befriend you. It is a shame that you should have to work so hard—one so young and beautiful as you. See here, I will take this burden off your shoulders. Ha! ha! You didn't look for fatherly benevolence from an old fellow like me! But, bless ye! I've got a soft corner in my heart. Eh, my pet?"

While speaking he caught her by the wrist and pulled her round to him, smiling like a death's-head.

The cry that rose to her lips she smothered by clenching her teeth resolutely. Concentrating all her energies in one desperate effort, she struck him full in the face and tore herself free, then darted across the room and seized the knob of her father's door. There she turned to gaze at her assailant, panting.

Thus far she had gone instinctively seeking her natural protector; yet she knew that he must not be disturbed, and paused before opening the door.

Gross had risen to his feet, and stood purple with chagrin. The mark of her hand burned like fire.

"Well," he said, with a sardonic grin, "you are a striking example of female energy and virtue. For one of your condition, I think I may say that you are *potentially* brave!"

"I suppose you know that the good always suffer, and appreciate the particular penalty in your own case? Need I mention that your rent is secured by your furniture, in the contract you—or, more accurately, your father signed on taking the rooms; and that I can sell you out at an hour's notice! All because of my hard-hearted principal, you know?" he sneered.

The indignant words that pressed for utterance at Miriam's lips were repressed. Alas! the poor cannot afford even to resent insult!

If this man chose to put his threat into execution, what would become of her father?

"Oh! you cannot have the heart to put us out," she cried. "My father is lying here ill. He cannot be thrust into the street."

"Oh! the old gambler is in the house, is he?—and ill? Well, that is the place for him."

"The hospital!" gasped the girl.

That was what she had feared. The poor dread the hospital like a prison—an unreasonable antipathy, yet difficult to eradicate.

"Yes," said Gross, brutally. "He will get better care there than he deserves. I will send the ambulance and the sheriff here together."

"Oh, I beg of you!" cried Miriam, advancing toward the house-agent with clasped hands.

With a stride he got within reach, and again grasped her wrist, interrupting her with a passionate outburst.

"I know what you would say. If he goes to the hospital, he will die a dog's death, of neglect, and be given to the doctors for dissection. Well, my naughty beauty, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that he goes there because you would not let him go to the place for him."

One who would befriend you and save him? What more he might have said was interrupted by a knock; and without waiting for permission (which showed that the visitor felt at home) the door was opened.

Leaving the letters, slipped into the room with a smile on her lips, which instantly faded as she paused in embarrassment and gazed from one excited face to the other.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 469.)

## TRUTH.

BY WILLIAM LINSINGER.

Thus, as these lines I slowly trace  
Across this spotless page,  
Will time all earthly things efface,  
And passing leave no trace  
But the vile dusts of age;  
But Truth and Virtue mounting high  
Shine forever from the sky  
Beyond the gens of night!

## A Bride at Sixteen;

OR,  
The Gulf Between Them.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

AUTHOR OF "WIFE OR WIDOW?" "A GIRL'S HEART," "KATHERINE'S MARRIAGE," "A DANGEROUS WOMAN," "ETHEL DREME," "SWEETHEART AND WIFE," "THE WRONGED HEIRESS," "THE CHILTON ESTATE," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

Success to the stout heart, say I,  
That sees its fate, and can defy.

—FAUST.

SOME hours elapsed before Gwendolen experienced any great degree of uneasiness at Lenore's continued absence. Believing her friend had taken a book and wandered to some sunny portion of the grounds, she gave little further thought to the matter. Not until day was declining did the first vague emotions of dread assail her mind.

Catching up her shawl, she ran out by herself to search for Lenore, but a clew could she find to the missing girl until the grove of trees was nearly reached. Here, in one of the secluded walks, she picked up a knot of ribbon that Lenore had worn at her throat when she left the house.

Following the clew thus afforded, she penetrated the grove, and reached the lane. She found the soft turf torn by hoofs and indented by carriage-wheels, though it had never been used as a thoroughfare since Major Pascal's occupation of the premises.

The discovery filled Gwendolen's mind with the most direful apprehensions. She searched all the vicinity for some further token of her friend, but none came to light, and the deepening twilight soon compelled her to desist. Her

face was white, her limbs trembling when at length she returned to the house.

"There is some treachery in this," she thought. "Lenore would not have gone away willingly without speaking to me of her intention. And it is quite evident that she is gone."

She passed an uneasy night. Morning dawned, and Lenore had not made her appearance. The servants were beginning to wonder and comment, but Gwendolen said nothing to Major Pascal or Valentine. It would have been useless—neither of them would have made an effort to penetrate the mystery.

Ordering her horse as soon as breakfast was over, she rode to Greenmont and asked for Ross St. Clair. One of the servants showed her into a small anteroom, and the young man shortly stood in her presence.

"You wished to see me, I believe?" he said, in the tone of grave courtesy he usually employed with strangers.

"Yes," Gwendolen answered, looking at him steadily. "Where is Lenore?"

A change was perceptible in his face. He turned it away as if wishing to conceal his emotion.

"Why do you come to me for news of her?"

"She is missing!"

"Missing?"

There was no mistaking his start of surprise and dread. If Gwendolen had accused him in her own thought of being instrumental in causing Lenore's disappearance, she did so no longer.

"Missing?" he repeated, his voice sounding curiously hoarse. "Missing since when? Pray tell me all about it."

She left the house, yesterday afternoon, as if for a walk, and did not see her since."

Rose dropped his face in his hands and remained thus for several minutes. When he raised it he looked as if he were shivering.

"Miss Dunreath has probably returned to her friends," he said. "I would rather not speak of her any more. I don't know why you should come to me for information concerning her movements."

Gwendolen rose, looking flushed and angry. "Can I see Miss St. Clair?" she abruptly demanded.

"My sister has left Greenmont for the present. She went away last night."

"Where?"

"To a funny old house on the sea-shore that she inherited from my mother. It is called Dismal Hollow."

"Dismal Hollow?" she opened wide her eyes. A strange, startling suspicion flashed upon her mind.

"Why did she go there?"

"It was a sudden whim, and took us all by surprise. She said she wished to get away quite by herself for a time."

"The house must be a lonesome one, judging from its name."

"It is," Ross answered, wearily, as if the subject held very little interest for him. "Situated on an inhospitable coast, with no other habitation in sight, it could not well be otherwise. I was very lonely, and I don't know how I should take up her abode there, especially at this season of the year."

"Does she expect to remain some weeks?"

"That is a matter she had not decided when she went away."

Gwendolen turned to go. Her heart was beating. The suspicion that had flashed so suddenly upon her mind was strengthened into something like conviction. She had heard enough from Lenore to feel assured that Berenice was the girl's enemy. Had she taken some sudden step to defend the poor soul forever of her rights as the wife of Ross?

A few agitated words that the young man uttered at parting seemed to answer the question entirely.

"Of course you are aware that Miss Dunreath and I were more than mere friends at one period of our lives. That fact came out at the examination, though Lenore had probably confided so much of her history to you already. I need not tell you how deeply I loved her," and his voice sounded curiously hollow as he uttered the words.

"I have tried to keep her back—I now see that the hardest task I ever undertook. My heart has yearned toward her strangely during this season of bitter trouble. I should have gone to her and made an earnest effort to reclaim her but for Berenice's persuasion. My sister has put forth every exertion to keep me back—I now see that she was right—Lenore has given up all that is good and true, and gone back to those who will lead her into the great depths of evil."

He dropped Gwendolen's hand, which he had held in his fevered clasp while speaking, and walked away abruptly before she could interpose.

A good deal bewildered by his strange words, not more than half of which were comprehensible to her mind, she hurried from the house. But, on the way out she took time to make careful inquiries of a servant she met as to the exact location of the house called Dismal Hollow. These were all answered to her satisfaction.

It may be that I wrong Miss St. Clair by cherishing suspicion, but I can't help feeling that there is some connection between her abrupt departure and my darling Lenore's disappearance," thought the quick-witted girl. "My next move will be in the direction of Dismal Hollow. If Lenore is there, detained against her will as I surmise, she will be rescued from the clutches of these wretches."

As soon as Gwendolen entered the house on reaching home, she was struck by the unusual commotion that prevailed. Trunks and boxes were piled in the hall, and the servants were hurrying to and fro. In her astonishment she started one of the maids.

"What is the meaning of this?" she demanded, indicating the luggage piled up against the wall.

The girl stared.

"Is it possible you didn't know, my lady? We were to leave here this morning, except Cook and the coachman."

"Where to?"

"Master has ordered us back to his house in town."

Gwendolen passed on without questioning the girl further. This sudden movement on the part of her guardian surprised her very much, however. She sat down in her own room and waited impatiently for Major Pascal to appear and announce his intention, or one of the maids to come to her.

"I shall go on to New York, if my guardian insists upon it," she thought. "It will be easier to reach Dismal Hollow from that point than from here."

Several hours wore on, and she was not disturbed. The middle of the afternoon the servants departed in two large wagons that also held their luggage. The sight sent an unpleasant thrill through her heart.

"How strange that they should have been sent on in advance! I really feel as if the matter ought to be inquired into," she thought.

She had risen to leave the room when some one rapped at the door. Major Pascal at last, but with an expression on his face that caused Gwendolen to shrink back involuntarily as she looked at him.

"The journey of this morning was a bootless one, it appears," he said, slowly drawing near. "You found no clew to your missing friend?"

"None that can be relied on," was the evasive answer.

"It is quite as well. You may consider yourself well rid of a troublesome guest. This time Miss Dunreath is not likely to return."

Gwendolen made no reply.

"She left most opportunely for my plans. Her influence over you was not a good one. It made you ungrateful and rebellious. Hereafter I shall expect to find you more dutiful."

"Uncle Pascal, I have always obeyed you in all things just and reasonable."

"No doubt you think so. But you conventionally draw the dividing line to suit yourself."

He walked to the window and stood there a moment gazing out the pane, evidently at a

loss how to continue. Gwendolen helped him out of the difficulty in her straightforward way.

"You have something more to say to me; what is it?"

Major Pascal wheeled slowly round.

"You are right—my real purpose in seeking this interview remains to be disclosed. Gwendolen, my dear child, I am more considerate for you than you are for yourself. I have decided to save you from the consequences of your own headstrong passions."

Gwendolen felt her cheeks blanch. "I do not understand you," she simply said.

"If left to your own devices, you would throw yourself away upon that fortune-hunter, Robert Merton. It must not be permitted. I, your guardian, say it shall not be!"

"How are you to prevent it?" asked Gwendolen, with a flash of sudden anger.

"By giving you to my son, who is wholly devoted to you, as his wife."

"You have scarcely the power to do that."

A dark smile of triumph curled the major's lips.

"Do not delude yourself, my fair ward. At the present moment my power is unlimited. Shall I tell you why? You are here alone in this house with only myself and Valentine, and two or three trusty servants who are pledged to our interests."

Gwendolen started. Her guardian's sudden whim in sending away the greater number of the domestics was clear enough to her mind now. She laid a trembling hand on the back of the chair from which she had risen, saying, in a low voice:

"I may be at your mercy, as you assert. But I still do not think you will attempt coercion."

"Then you have mistaken me, and it is time we understood each other better," said the villain, his face growing blacker at every word. "If I employ harsh means to break your obstinate will, it is because you leave me no other resource. You will not pass these doors until you go forth as the bride of my son."

Gwendolen threw back her head, all that she possessed of fiery anger bubbling up within her.

"You have no right to force this marriage upon me. It is every way obnoxious. I warn you at the outset that I shall never yield!"

"That remains to be seen. As yet you have scarcely tasted the fruits of disobedience. I'll bend your will or break it!" hissed the wretch, shaking his clenched fist at her as he slowly retreated from the room.

The door was closed, the key turned in the lock. It was the first open act of hostility.

Gwendolen sat down again, gasping with dismay. Nobody knew better the unscrupulous nature with which she had to deal. What would be the result of the decided stand she had taken.

Late in the afternoon she rung the bell—more as an experiment than because she wanted anything. A strange young woman appeared. A glance into her coarse, hard-featured face told Gwendolen that Major Pascal had found a way to her.

"Please send my maid to me," she said.

"I'm to wait on you, my lady. Them's my orders. There's nobody else to do it."

"Did my maid leave with the other servants?" she said, in a low voice.

"She did, ma'am."

"How long have you been here?"

"Two hours—not longer, ma'am."

"That will do. You may go, now. I have nothing for you to do."

The woman dropped a courtesy and withdrew. Gwendolen sat on, a dull, aching pain, a sense of foreboding struggling together in her heart. It was more for Lenore than herself that she feared. What would the poor child do, deprived of her only friend?

The next day the young woman, whose name was Ann Hawkins, brought Gwendolen a note from Valentine. It was very brief, containing only these words:

"I trust you will forgive me my share in this wretched business. I consented to it under protest. My father has made up his mind that you shall not be permitted to throw yourself away; nothing can move him from this determination. When you are once my wife you will think better of us all."

Gwendolen was tearing the paper in pieces, when she observed that Ann's eyes were bent upon her in a very singular expression.

"Come here," she said, abruptly. "How much does my guardian give you for acting as my jailer?"

"Fifty dollars, ma'am," came the straightforward answer.

"Is that all? I will double the sum if you promise to serve me while pretending to serve him."

Ann's face took on a sudden flush. Greed was the strongest passion of her nature.

"What can I do, ma'am?" she asked, in a suppressed whisper.



"We wait for you, Gwendolen," he said, approaching, and drawing her arm within his. "I am rejoiced to find you so obedient, my dear. Believe me, you will never regret giving yourself to my son."

There was no reply. Wondering at her silence and submission, and yet half afraid to break the spell that seemed to have fallen upon her, the major hurried his companion down the gloomy staircase. Valentine stood in the lower hall, waiting to receive his bride.

"My darling," he whispered, taking her hand in his burning clasp. "After your coyness and reluctance, you are to be mine at last! I am too happy even to thank you for this concession."

The clergyman stood at the far end of the drawing-room. None of the chandeliers were lighted, a single lamp burned on the inlaid table at the man's elbow, and this was the only attempt at illumination. Very grateful indeed felt Ann for the obscurity in which father and son attempted to cloak their evil deeds.

The ceremony began. Not far had it proceeded before Major Fescar began to fidget and stare. Could that be the graceful figure of his ward? Why did he wear her veil so singularly? It quite covered her face.

He stepped a little nearer, breaking out in a cold perspiration. "Stop!" he shouted, suddenly. "There is some deception here. I'm sure of it."

The next instant he had torn off the veil, revealing the half-frightened but thoroughly insolent features of Ann Hawkins. None too soon. A few words more and she would have been Valentine's wife, legally bound to him.

A wild scene ensued. The infuriated major, and the disappointed bridegroom, rushed upstairs to Gwendolen's chamber only to find that their intended victim had escaped. It was useless to excite themselves; she was gone, leaving no clew by which to trace her flight.

By the time they had thoroughly searched the house, Ann Hawkins was also missing. She had taken away all her possessions, it was discovered, and also the wedding-dress.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 400.)

## MARY AND HER BOW.

Of archery was Mary fond,  
And often with her bow,  
Like never before, she would  
Unto the fields would go.

Where happily they'd pass the day,  
Joined in a friendly strife,  
While John would wish, with frequent sigh,  
That they were joined for life.

For every time that Mary's shaft  
Would through the air be dart,  
With feeble sigh would John remark,  
The shaft shot through his heart.

But Mary, with as arch a look  
As ever archer sent,  
Still bent her bow, without a thought  
On what her bow was bent.

She heeded not his quivering glance,  
Like lightning in the dark,  
But from her quiver drew a shaft,  
Which glanced far from its mark.

Ah, Mary, thou dissembling Miss,  
That little miss of thine,  
A tale did tell me of her read,  
Than one of detail fine.

It told of Love's all-kindling glow,  
It told of keener dart,  
From Cupid's bow than ever pierced  
The heart of stricken hart.

And Mary, with thou play coquette,  
Thy saucy ringlets toss,  
Quit tugging with thy good cross-bow,  
Nor make thy fond bow cross.

For rock'st thou not the sea of life  
Shows many wrecks and sad fate,  
Sighs heard cast off by fickle maid,  
Oh, shun not Love's best fate.

Too tant, the bow will surely break,  
Or slackened be the cord;  
Her heart was in accord with his,  
Love taught in silent word.

She threw her cross-bow on the ground,  
And quiver with it, too,  
With quivering heart she gave her hand;  
"My dear, I love you true."

"Your love, dear John, I'll e'er hold dear—  
Deserve it, if I can—  
My aim in life shall be to please  
So amiable a man."

And then her lips—ah, cherry ripe—  
She offered him to kiss;  
Said he: "Of all my pleasant days,  
I ne'er was dazed like this."

"So long has been my breast the mark  
For every wandering doubt,  
That your radiant smile has sent  
At once to scattered rout."

"In Eastern lands, the dread bowstring  
Ends many a wretch's fate;  
But we're not for thy bowstring, love,  
Our hearts might never mate."

And thus they every loving pair,  
Secure from ill apart,  
By Cupid's arrow stricken be,  
And sketched from the heart.

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## Merle, the Mutineer;

OR,

## THE BRAND OF THE RED ANCHOR.

A Romance of Sunny Lands and Blue Waters.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM,  
AUTHOR OF "WITHOUT A HEART," "THE SURF ANGEL," "THE COMET OF HISTORY,"  
"THE FLYING YANKEE," "THE CURE,"  
"TAN ROVER," "THE PIRATE PRINCE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXV. NEPTUNE AND THE SEA.

The scene of the grand *bal masqué*, held the last night of Carnival, was the *Hôtel Sainte Louis*, a magnificent edifice, combining a hotel, bank, and ball-salon with their ante-chambers.

The main front was on the *Rue St. Louis*, and higher, as early as eight o'clock, the carriages of the aristocracy began to arrive and deposit their human freight—*all en masqué*.

At nine o'clock a *coupé* dashed up to the door, and a single occupant stepped forth, the costume which he evidently wore concealed by a long black cloak, and his face by a mask of silk of the same hue.

Ascending the broad stairway, he gave his gilded ticket to a lieutenant of *gendarmes*, appointed to receive them, and passed into the ante-room for swords and robes, where a *gendarme* received his arms, a pair of handsomely mounted pistols and short sword, for gentlemen were not allowed to enter the *salon armé*, under a heavy penalty.

Throwing aside his domino he appeared as the impersonator of Neptune, and his perfect costume was the admiration of all who saw him, for it was rich in the extreme, with a necklace of superb diamonds encircled his neck, and to it was suspended an anchor of princely rubies, the lights from the precious stones dazzling the eyes of the lookers-on.

Entering the grand *salon* a scene of gorgeous beauty and splendor met his eyes. He stood a moment, gazing upon the life and magnificence, with the murmur of voices rising like distant thunder, the regular tread of dancing feet, and the crash of music.

Then he began to thread his way through the gorgeous throng, his eyes searching right and left for some object, while he was himself the cynosure of all whom he passed near.

Peering into the alcoves which lined the walls, a little raised from the floor, he gave a searching glance at every costume. Whoever he sought he seemed determined to find.

Presently he started. Before him stood four persons in a group, and evidently of the same party and known to each other.

There were two gentlemen and two ladies, one of the former in the full uniform of a captain of the United States navy, and his face securely masked; the other in plain evening dress, yet also wearing a mask.

The lady who hung on the arm of the officer had

already won the name of the belle of the *bal masqué*, from the exquisite beauty of her costume, and the rare loveliness of her form.

She represented "The Sea," and her dress was formed of the most costly green velvet, silk and satin, woven together so as to look like the deep green waters, while it was capped with lace, worth a small fortune, to resemble foam.

The train extended far back, and upon it were grouped exquisite sea-shells, while around her tiny waist was a girdle of silk, made to imitate seaweed, and a most clever imitation, indeed, it was. A bodice of silver scales, a coronet of beautiful coral, from which fell a gauze veil of Nile-green, and of the finest texture, bracelets and necklaces of large pearls and emeralds, all rare stones, a silver anchor hanging to one side, and a coil of golden rope to the other, completed this marvelous and wonderfully beautiful costume, excepting a mask of silver network.

The fourth person of the group, who hung on the arm of the gentleman in citizen attire, was also beautiful in form and rarely dressed in crimson velvet and black lace; a mask of exquisite lace also concealing her features.

"Father Neptune seeks The Sea! Make room, all, for Neptune and The Sea!"

The voice rang out above all other sounds, from the lips of some mask whose eyes had suddenly fallen upon the two chairs and the lady in the crowd.

At his cry the crowd separated right and left, and the one who had so earnestly been searching the *salon* found himself face to face with the object of his search.

The cry of the mask, caught up by half a hundred other voices, decided him, and he stepped forward and bent low before the now receding Sea, at finding herself so suddenly made disagreeably conspicuous.

"Old Father Neptune bends low before thy beauty, oh, Sea! and casts the anchor of his hopes at thy feet."

As he spoke he offered his arm, while the lady, hesitating, her escort, the naval captain, answered for her, for he cared not to lose her society.

They were not crossing the Equator, Father Neptune, where thou hast a right to shake thy hoary locks in our faces."

One of thy traits, as thy buttons show, whose calling it is to tinge the gray tresses of the blood of his fellow-men, should remember he is not upon his own deck now," was the quick reply, and a murmur of applause arose from the crowd.

Then, with strange eagerness, she left the arm of the officer, who said, coldly:

"I will await you here."

Another instant and she was floating around the room upon the arm of old Neptune.

One turn of the grand *salon*, to the admiration of all who witnessed the exquisite grace with which both danced, and Neptune drew his companion through an arched doorway out. Upon a balcony, which had been arranged to serve as a conservatory, for it was filled with fragrant flowers and rare exotics, while a number of little rustic arbors, with cushions seats here and there, were hidden amid the foliage—the very retreat for lovers.

"The tide sets hitherward, oh, Sea; and we cannot stem the current," and Neptune, with a gesture, led her into a rustic arbor at the further end of the balcony.

"Oh, Merle!"

With this cry the maiden sunk upon an ottoman.

"You know me, then, Mildred?" said the man, sadly.

"Yes, your voice told me who you were; but, Merle, you are lost—you are lost!"

"I do not understand you, Miss Monteth."

"Wilber Sebastian is here; he returned some days ago."

"I know it. I took you from his arm—I came here to see you, Mildred."

"Did not occur to her to ask how he had discovered her? she only trembled at the risk he had run, and repeated again:

"Merle, Merle, why did you come here?"

"I discovered that my presence in your arms will lead you back to Captain Sebastian," he said, bitterly.

"No, no; now you are angry, and without cause. Though I longed to see you, Merle, I will not see you should come here. Day after day I have waited to hear from you, that I might come to you, wherever you were."

"I have come to you, Mildred."

"But it is death for you to remain here. You are outlawed as a pirate, a deserter, and a mutineer, by your own government, and condemned to be shot without trial, wherever found, on land or sea."

The man started.

"This is true, Mildred?"

"Yes, his story was believed, and he has been given another vessel—a sloop-of-war."

"By Heaven! his triumph shall be short-lived. Mildred, do you believe me the guilty being I am said to be?"

"Merle, you know that I do not," said the maiden, reproachfully.

"And Captain Grenville?"

"Is at a loss what to believe. He heard Captain Sebastian's statements before the investigating committee, and the sworn testimony of his officers and men, who were with him, and he was exonerated, and you condemned."

"So let it be, for the present, Mildred, I have that proof which will cause Wilber Sebastian to be disgraced, after which, having been driven from the navy, he will fall to my revenge."

"I came here to meet my own faithful crew, or to communicate to them the news of my return, before a naval committee as soon as I could get trial; then the whole truth will come out regarding this terrible affair."

"Merle, I have never believed you guilty, and to prove it I will tell you what carried us to Havana," and Mildred told of the letters received from poor Jack Buntline and her entreaties to follow the schooner, which caused Captain Grenville to pursue in the yacht, all of which Merle already knew, but which he listened to eagerly, from her lips.

"I believe you, Merle, of course, of Captain Grenville; but it pains me to feel that he believes me guilty."

"He knows not what to think; he has heard everything against me, and his mind is made up. He has always liked Sebastian, and also Lieutenant Alden, and the secret influence of Estelle is terribly against you."

"He grieves for you, as though you were his own son, but in appearance everything points to your guilt."

"Mildred, I will not now tell you all that I have suffered, or that passed upon that floating hell, the schooner of Wilber Sebastian; but within the month all shall be made clear."

"It will be impossible sooner, and perhaps it may take longer, for I have much to do, and have to immediately return to Vera Cruz, from whence I have just come, and as the yacht is my own property, I will take it. I saw it at anchor in the stream as I came up the river."

"Yes, Merton Ainslie is in charge of it, Captain Grenville having sent the crew home to the plantation."

"It is just as well; Ainslie can go with me, and I can secure a crew here."

"But, why return to Vera Cruz, Merle?"

"Duty compels me. I came here to receive letters of importance. I expected, but mainly to see you, Mildred, and hear from your own lips you did not believe me guilty."

lie upon the brow of Wilber Sebastian, or my poor heart must break.

I am but a girl, and you a mere youth, yet I feel that we are not children, and can suffer deeply; so hasten, Merle, to take from your lips and mine this cup of bitterness."

I swear it, Mildred; if within two months I do not prove myself innocent of the charges against me, then you can believe me the guilty wretch that men call me. Now, farewell!"

He merely pressed her hand in his own, and led her away from the actor.

Entering the *salon* they circled once round in the waltz, their hearts full of hopeful joy, dread and pain mingled, and then he left her upon the arm of Wilber Sebastian, and without a word turned away, and disappeared from the earnest eyes of Mildred, that followed his retreating form.

### CHAPTER XXXVI. THE YACHT MAKES A VOYAGE.

When Merle left the *Salon Sainte Louis* he passed out into the street, still crowded with many maskers, and calling to a *cabriolet* that was passing, ordered the driver to go with all speed to the *Calvaire d'Orleans*.

Upon his arrival he quickly paid his score, packed up his things and, children and can suffer deeply; so hasten, Merle, to take from your lips and mine this cup of bitterness."

Giving the address he desired to stop at, Merle threw himself back on the cushions and was lost in deep thought, until the driver drew rein upon the quay.

Handing him a piece of money, Merle looked around the deserted wharf for a boat, and finding a small skiff sprung in, and seizing the oars was soon flying over the murky waters.

In five minutes he was alongside a small vessel, upon which he stepped, and in a moment he was on shore.

"Hullo! who have we here?" cried a voice, and a man stepped from the cabin.

Ah! Ainslie, I am glad to have found you. I feared you would be in the unknown, and gone on a carnival-mad, and would be away. Are you alone?"

"I am, sir, excepting an old shipmate who came aboard to keep me company with a bottle of wine and cigar, but, you are unknown to me," and Merton Ainslie gazed earnestly into the face before him, for Merle had resumed his disguise of an old man.

I forgot, I am here to call on you, the Mutineer, deserter, pirate, or whatever you will," said the youth, bitterly.

Mr. Grenville! I am indeed glad to see you! I knew you would be in New Orleans, and your disguise is most complete."

"Yes, I came here upon important business, and I must leave to-night for Vera Cruz, and in the yacht; but will return for an hour or two on my way to Mexico. Will you accompany me there?"

"With pleasure, sir; but—"

"I cannot wait, but you must say—Captain Grenville left you in charge of the yacht; but the vessel, Mr. Ainslie, is my own, and not an hour ago I left Captain Grenville and his party at the *Salon Sainte Louis*, where I met you."

Of going to Vera Cruz, and she it was that told me I would find you here."

"I have nothing to say, sir; the yacht, I know, is yours, but the crew is not."

"That is a secondary matter, for you can easily procure one, and at once. Is the vessel stored?"

"Not for more than two days, sir."

"His gold. You have a companion with you, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir, and out of a berth."

"He shall have one; I will make you my first luff, your friend my second; call him, please."

"I cannot wait, but you must say—Captain Grenville left you in charge of the yacht; but the vessel, Mr. Ainslie, is my own, and not an hour ago I left Captain Grenville and his party at the *Salon Sainte Louis*, where I met you."

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"Not for more than two days, sir."

"His gold. You have a companion with you, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir, and out of a berth."

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"Not for more than two days, sir."

"His gold. You have a companion with you, you say?"

The yacht was now anchored before the city, and Merton Ainslie followed Merle into the cabin.

"Assuredly, sir."

"I came back to Vera Cruz for a special purpose, and though I make known the circumstance to you, I wish it, under no circumstances, to be known to others; do you understand?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Grenville."

"Very well; I have an affair of honor to settle here with Major Vistal Guarena, of the Castle San Juan de Uloa. It will be a private matter, for, when I accepted his challenge, I did not expect to have you with me in Vera Cruz at the time the duel was to be fought."

"I expect the meeting will be to-morrow, or next day; if not, very soon after, and I am going to the hotel to remain."

"In the inner drawer of this desk you will find a package addressed to Miss Mildred Monteth, and to her I wish you to deliver it in person, for it is of the greatest value, and the papers of the utmost importance; they are all in this little box and here is the key."

"I hope I will have no use for the key, sir, for I trust you will come out all right," said Merton Ainslie, warmly.

"I expect to, Ainslie, for, without vanity, I may say I have a quick and sure eye with a pistol, and a steady hand with a sword."

"I have no dread whatever of meeting a foe with either weapon; but then, accidents will sometimes happen, and my best to be prepared, and I repeat, if by to-morrow week I am not here, or you have not heard from me, return to New Orleans in the yacht."

Here is plenty of food for your expenses, and to pay off the men, besides a good *bonus* for you and Chandelure. Now, call one of the boats to the gang-way to put me on shore."

Merton Ainslie obeyed the order, and wrung his commander's hand, as he went over the side, in farewell.

In half an hour more Don Leon Merino, *Ranchero*, from Corpus Christi, was again on the hotel books, and that personage, divested of his disguise, was enjoying a substantial dinner, after having dispatched a messenger to Major Vistal Guarena, of the castle, that, true to his word, he had come back to Vera Cruz for the honor of meeting him in the *duello*; nor was that the only motive that carried him back to Vera Cruz, for he had a private mission to perform.

Merle had determined to hold the Monté Prince, which was his last chance.

### CHAPTER XXXVII. FALSE!

"My God! was man ever tempted thus? And thus tempted, did man ever resist?"

Just cry, for a cry it was, came from the lips of Merton Ainslie.

He was seated in the cabin of the yacht, the companion way locked, and before him lay an open box. His head rested in his hands, and his face was haggard and white.

The little vessel was gliding swiftly along, having approached the sunny land of Mexico a few hours before.

Then, when the frowning turrets of the San Juan de Uloa were no longer visible, Merton Ainslie had the opening of the heavy port of Louis Chandelure and gone into the cabin.

Rising quickly from his seat, he began to pace to and fro, his walk extending necessarily but a few steps; but he cared not for that.

"I more than did what he asked," he muttered; "I awaited ten days, instead of one week, and upon going to the hotel, he told me he had gone out one week before one evening, and had never returned. He is dead! I know he is dead, poor fellow!"

Well, there lies my temptation to do wrong, and I am yielded up to it."

He took up a bundle of papers as he spoke and glanced over them.

"These tell the story of where the guilt lay in that mutiny, and they give the address of each one of the seamen who will swear to the truth of his statement; would to God he had lived to have brought Wilber Sebastian to justice, and then I would not have been so tempted."

"If she reads these papers, she will see that he is innocent—ay, if she reads the papers, these must go with them."

As he spoke he held up in his hand the diamond necklace and ruby anchor already known to the reader.

"These are alone enough to tempt a saint, and I never was even good."

"Then this dirk, with its gem-studded hilt in the shape of an anchor, and the gold scabbard with its precious stones?"

"And this ring! Holy Neptune! what a stone!"

"Lucifer sympathize with me, for thou didst fall from the heights of heaven, and I would give thee to Adam, art still a temptress. Yes, Mildred Monteth, I love you so deeply, that I lose my soul to gain you."

"Ha! ha! these jewels, disposed of through the grasping Israelites, will give me gold far beyond the wealth of Mildred Monteth."

"Then, when they have been disposed of, I will seek and win you, proud beauty; for I will sympathize with you in the ignominy of him whom you trusted."

You must never know that he was innocent; for, thus knowing, you would never love me. No, you must *hate* him, even dead, and then I can work on your heart with better hopes of success."

"Let me see—the gems in the scabbard of this dirk shall go first; they will cost me a handsome home in the edge of the city, furnish it luxuriously, and fit me out with horses and carriages; besides, now I look at them again, they should run the establishment for several months ashore."

"Merton Ainslie, you are a made man! No more tar-stained fingers—no more weary deck watches—no more Spanish-American, with cloudy claret to wash down tough steaks."

"No, my boy, you will feast on the fat of the land, and take to your heart the most beautiful girl in New Orleans."

"Well, what a change! From a poor sailor to a rich swell about town."

"And all thrown into my hands without the asking!"

"Be still, accursed conscience. How dare you raise grim specters before my diamond-blind eyes, when I am gazing through the sparkling beauty of these precious stones?"

"No, no; but I wish all had been diamonds. These are emeralds in this gold scabbard, and they mean pearls, and I am grieved to think of you, when I see these pearls—do these suggest that Mildred Monteth is a 'pearl beyond price,' or winning?"

"And these rubies! they are red, and blood is red."

"Bah! why do I shudder?"

"And here is a superb opal in the head of this dirk hilt, and his said opal brings misfortune—and it's curiously suggestive in a dirk hilt—a pointed reminder, perhaps."

Well, the die is cast, and here goes! I accept the alternative, come what may."

Carefully he placed the precious stones back in their receptacle, returned to the inner drawer of the desk, and locking it, carefully put the key away from sight.



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## Sunshine Papers.

### How to Keep Him.

II.

But how to keep him?—Ah! that is quite another question! But it can be done, my dear, unless you are really the most disagreeable person in the world—and was ever a woman that?

As soon as you have caught (I detest that word, but it is so applicable to the way a great many girls get the dear, desired creature) a beau, do not flatter yourself that, because the young man walks home with you from church, and drops in to see you quite regularly Wednesday evenings, he is incurably in love with you, and already is meditating the most graceful manner and enticing words wherewith to make known his desire to have you for a wife. Bless you, men are not quite such idiots as young women like to believe them! The cases are very rare where they actually love a woman "at first sight," or even second sight! And if you make the mistake of thinking a gentleman extremely in love with you, when he first commences to pay you little attentions, and that your aim in life—to secure a husband

—is attained, you will soon find yourself a sadly disappointed maiden.

The special attentions of gentlemen to ladies often commence in the most trivial manner—a desire to pique some other lady, the necessity of doing a favor, idleness, a hundred varied and unimportant whims. One marriage of which I know, was the result of a lady's insulting indifference to a new acquaintance. The gentleman was introduced to her while she was engaged in grouping flowers for a fair, and, purchasing a bouquet, upon the arrangement of which she particularly felicitated herself, presented it to her. Probably their acquaintance would have ended then and there had he not discovered, that evening, that she had sold the bouquet, in utter forgetfulness that it had been a gift to herself. Fiqued by a feminine indifference to which he was unaccustomed, he could not forget the girl; and, a few months later, embraced an opportunity to meet her, again, under circumstances that rendered it necessary for him to act as her escort from a friend's home to her own. Her liveliness pleased him, but again he was chagrined by her unflattering regard of himself, and incited to further acquaintance. In trying to conquer the lady's indifference he came to love her passionately, court her assiduously, and, finally, to enter into a most happy and desirable marriage with her.

Scores, nay, hundreds of weddings have been the results of as unpropitiously commenced acquaintances. So that while a gentleman's attentions to a lady do not necessarily, or even usually, at the first, augur marriage, it remains with the lady to deepen her beau's admiration or liking into friendship, and friendship into real love. But she cannot do this, note you, by acting from the beginning of their acquaintance either as if she cared greatly for him, or believed he cared much for her. As soon as his lordship discovers that you are anxious for his company, or regard him with attachment, while he will, doubtless, feel something flattered and elated, all the spice and delicious uncertainty will have vanished from his desire to cultivate your acquaintance, leaving him with a real indifference or contempt for you and an unwillingness to any closer intimacy. Men do not value that which is easily attainable.

"Thus it is over all the earth!  
That which we call the fairest,  
And prize for its surpassing worth,  
Is always rarest."

There is a fascination about uncertainty, and that which is hardly won, which precipitates men into the greatest zeal and ardor. While from the girl who is plainly anxious for a lover, they turn with contemptuousness as from the over-ripe pear that drops into the hand the moment it is uplifted to the bough, in hope of grasping the golden beauty that swings tantalizingly among the highest foliage.

Then, young ladies, see to it that whatever your feelings may be for the man who has commenced to pay attentions to you, you keep them well guarded from his critical and fastidious eyes. Treat him cordially; but no more cordially than if he was Thos. Jones, or John Brown. Thank him gracefully for any special favor or attention he shows you, but no more warmly than if you were accustomed to receiving the same kindness from half a dozen other gallant cavaliers. Extend him pleasant invitations to visit your home, but do not be over-solicitous; and express neither regret nor surprise when he does not come. If you have occasion to ask him to act as your escort to some place, do not state the case as if you were the one to be greatly obliged by his going, but as if it was showing him a very pleasant favor to ask him, and you were quite ready to provide yourself with another protector in case he preferred to be excused. If you find that he is extremely fond of some one of your accomplishments, dancing, singing, instrumental performances, do not surfeit him with it. Play, or sing, or dance your very best, but not always for him, nor even too often for him. Arouse in him not only a desire for your society, but a respect for your own individual character and charms. Remember that while excessive prudery is disgusting on the one hand, too little formality is quite as much to be censured on the other.

Never act toward a gentleman to whom you are not betrothed as if you were jealous of him, or considered that you had special claims upon his time and attentions, or were very desirous to have such. If he treats you cavalierly, however much his act may hurt you, do not parade your grief; but show good-humored indifference, or pleasant retaliation. And, under no circumstances, allow a suitor to claim or assert the privileges of a lover, until he has thus declared himself, to the perfect understanding of yourself and your parents.

In brief—be as natural, as honest, as charming, as sensible, as entertaining as possible, toward any gentleman for whose friendship you really care. But, keep always in mind that girls who openly express or evince a desire for beaux, and to get married, are the ones whom men ridicule and whose intimate acquaintance they are least likely to cultivate.

Men often affect to love, but seldom truly do, where genuine respect does not walk hand-in-hand with admiration and liking. And remember again that it is with love as with all other ends for which masculinity strives—the more unattainable its object appears the more infatuated will the lover be to win and make it his own!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

### "SERVANTS."

TUESDAY I came across a picture in an English publication, representing a very elegant woman, who was in the act of having her hair dressed by a very pretty, but care-worn-looking maid, while a child is seated upon an ottoman fondling a dog. By some lines underneath the picture, it seems that the little miss is asking her mother if she doesn't think "Fido" had better be vaccinated.

"What nonsense! They only vaccinate human beings." To which the child adds: "Why, Madame F. has had all her servants vaccinated!" I cannot censure the child—that is the mother's place—because the girl is only repeating what she has heard; but I do censure the mother for allowing her child to associate servants and dogs in her mind as equals. Maybe it is because the child has seen these servants treated so unlike human beings that she has come to consider they really are not such—that her Fido, indeed, is superior to the maid. It is sometimes perfectly painful to listen to a recital of a housekeeper's troubles with her servants—and don't doubt but servants are fault-finding, but does the fault lie wholly with them? Are mistresses perfect, and do they, themselves, know what they do want or how the work should be done? It seems to me it would be better if housekeepers took more interest in the affairs of the kitchen and chamber. Is it not a waste of time to tell over one's grievances and troubles concerning the shortcom-

ings of servants? Wouldn't the time be better employed to help, encourage and instruct those who try to do your work in your ways?—in fact, to treat them like human beings!

I know several families who have had servants in their employ for fifteen or twenty years and it is because they are, and have been, well treated. "Those servants must have been exceptionally good from the start." No, they were not; they were quite *verand*, but they strove hard to work well, they were not scolded, pecked at and found fault with when their work did not satisfy; they were encouraged and instructed to do better. When their work was worthy of commendation they received their share of praise.

Some stupid, mean-minded people imagine that it spoils servants to praise them—makes them vain. To withhold that praise is worse, for it will make them less anxious to please, and to scold them *all* the time is to dispirit them. I never found one individual yet who enjoyed a good scolding. Did you?

But, some people love to scold; they take a real and decided pleasure in it; it comes like a second nature to them. Some school-teachers fall into this error, and that is why children hate them, and dread school-hours. Were teachers to strive to interest their pupils in them and in their studies, instead of scolding knowledge into dull brains, it would "pay." If children were treated like human beings then they wouldn't be hectored and railed at like dogs.

Governesses are poorly paid, compelled to work hard, and the little they earn is grudgingly doled out to them as though it were a charity alms-giving and not what one has labored for. If children don't or *won't* learn, the "governess is unfit for her situation"—it is *all* her fault, and she is taken to task for what is *not* her shortcoming; she is treated unfeelingly—harshly, where sympathy and pity ought to be hers. Such usage of an intelligent, refined woman is simply brutal—inhuman.

Let us put ourselves in the places of those whose labor we seek and see if we would desire to be treated either as inferiors, or dependents, or fools, or rogues.—for it is few servants indeed who are not, at times, relegated to one of these conditions. We are all, in a measure, a "servant" to some one. We are all *dependent* upon some one higher in station than ourselves for our support. It is not good, nor wise, nor sensible, nor safe of us to have too high an opinion of our exalted selves; somebody *might* place a mirror before us that would reflect what we really are!

EVE LAWLESS.

## Foolscap Papers.

### Meteorology of March.

It does not strain my modesty very much to announce that Old Probabilities will soon have to resign in favor of Old Possibilities, which is my given name at present, because I am as weather-wise as a weather-vane itself. I can predict the weather a long ways ahead, and have achieved signal success without the aid of the signal service, or the Freedmen's Bureau.

A good season as an appropriation is made by the present Congress I intend to go to Washington, the City of Magnificent Appropriations, and take my prophetic stand on top of the White House and arrange the weather daily for all parts of the United States.

My weather bulletin for March is just out and here it is:

### MARCH BULLETIN FOR THE U. S.

1st. Sun rises too early for most people. This day March will have a bad, strong breath, and she will be blowing around considerably. Wind ground to exceeding sharpness, with two edges on no edge, and it was shot out of a shot-gun. Plenty of signs of no rain. Storm signals (a mop) will be displayed in a good many home harbors. Thermometer will be down to twelve o'clock in the shade. Yeast rising gradually. Barometer up to three-fingers, with a little sugar. Moon won't rise, because the night will be too dark and the gas bad.

2d. Wind up 15 degrees and hourly rising, taking a few bald-headed hats with it. Direction of wind, from both points of the compasses (better to break off points of compasses). Barometer up to zwei glass. Velocity of wind, so fast you can't see it. Heaviest fall of snow of the season—off a roof in Broadway, so the fellows who will be dug out will observe. Very cloudy around the North Pole. Thermometer leaking. Hope for better weather in the temperate circle, and also in the family circle.

3d. Zephyrs, breezes, winds, gales and tornadoes all mixed up in a lump and on the go as if they had got frightened at something. Speed: six chimneys a minute. Wind so strong the earth is blown around twice as fast as usual; day, as a consequence, only 12 hours long. Thermometer down—blown off the wall. Clouds all blown to pieces. Several humble husbands blown up. People's words carried unbroken over into neighboring towns, so be careful how you and your wife jaw each other. Barometer up to the second story.

4th. Weather exceedingly active. Wind will start off without waiting for breakfast. An unsuccessful air-brake will be tried on the wind by a celebrated inventor. You will imagine that there soon will be no more wind in the month. Heavy fall of icicles along the streets. Thermometer takes its first degree above zero.

5th. Some more wind. The South don'ting the same or sending it back. Thermometer up to par. Warner. General direction of wind will be down the chimneys. Clear, with rain. Hail, Columbia, as large as potatoes. Congressman from Julip will introduce a bill to destroy every windmill and bellows in the land. Terrific occasional squalls—in the nursery.

6th. The atmosphere will be on a lively tramp, going arm in arm with a heavy rain, which will stumble and fall right along, at the rate of sixty miles an hour and no stations. The wind will be six inches to the foot—your foot. The day will be thirty hours long because of the bad roads which Time will have to travel in.

7th. This day will begin at 12 A. M., and be 24 hours long, and 93,000,000 miles deep. Look out of doors for wind. Good time to store wind away for summer use. If you have any difficulty with your wife, just keep quiet, and it will be likely to blow over. Thermometer stationary, but mercury going up.

8th. No use of people getting out of breath to-day, since so much of it will be around loose. Weather will be as fine as a day in January. Frosty—especially in toes.

9th. Wind going nowhere as fast as it can, and asking no questions, and likely to blow out the light of the sun. Heavy showers of cats and dogs from adjacent towns.

10th, 11th and 12th. Refreshing breezes which blow everybody good. Equal-knocks-you-all storms prevailing. Cautionary signals

will be displayed during these days in all the harbors of the Erie canal.

13th and 14th. Windless as a tenant's well. It has to stop during these days to rest and catch breath. Thermometer forty degrees north latitude. Very calm in many houses. Handkerchief signals will be displayed on the streets. Look out of the window for rain at night.

15th. Winds very high—2 dollars a barrel. Thermometers low; to 6 1-4 cents apiece. Look in for bad colds. Rheumatism blowing down street, dodge around the corner. Expect your country relations this day. Frosted cake and ears.

16th. Wind, calm, rain, drouth, heat and cold all at once—a terrible mixture. Look out for pneumonia and ammonia. Thermometer goes down and up so fast that you can't see it at all.

17th to 20th. Sleet, with wind in it. Streets will be so sleek that the wind slips along at 100 miles an hour with greatest ease. Slope, slip, slop, kerslap! Humanity on a common level. Many a slip between the foot and the hip. Feet up, heads down. Debtors slip off. Every two men on street a pair of slippers. Shivery shakery! Bad colds in your head; go out into the wind to get your nose blown.

21st to 25th. Wind gives a free blow every day alike. Clear but cloudy. Get into a comatose state and look out for comets. Eclipse of sun delayed on account of the weather. Jupiter skips and skylarks about Venus and gets a black eye. The moon will be the evening star, by special arrangement with the manager—the man in it. Thermometers climbing up the spout. Sunshine of a bad quality. Threats of cutting off the sun entirely and giving the lighting contract to Edison.

26th. A windsome day. People begin to think that March is the worst winter month. Muffle up your auge warmly and hang it by the stove. Water-pipes begin to thaw out some. Nerves in teeth begin to thaw out, too, and get lively. Rain, accompanied by clouds.

27th. Great activity in oxygen outdoors. Gale breaks loose. Momentum very momentous. Pressure, ten pounds to the square foot, fifty pounds to the square head. Frequent showers of old boots and cans from adjacent towns. Rain sliding down on the wind. Thermometer stationary, if not to the wall.

28th. The wind blows where it listens; it climbs up big trees and breaks whole limbs off. Wind is a regular blow-hard, with signs of more wind.

29th and 30th. Wind up four miles high and still a-rising. Weather all blows out of these days.

31st. This day will be blown entirely out of the month of March.

OLD POSSIBILITIES,

(Washington Whitehorn.)

## Topics of the Time.

—An examination of 8,000 school children in Boston reveals the fact that while eight per cent. of the boys are color blind, only one per cent. of the girls are thus afflicted. Anybody who has ever heard an average woman describe a neighbor as being "deaf, dumb and blind," will find that color blindness is not one of the peculiarities of the gentle sex.

—A scientific excursion is being fitted out at Yankton by Dr. W. A. Burleigh for a trip of exploration to the head-waters of the Yellowstone and Big Horn rivers. The proposed excursion is gotten up at the instigation of a number of scientific gentlemen, and will be of about one hundred days' duration, leaving about the fifteenth day of May. The excursionists will visit the Great Falls of the Missouri, the great Judith basin, the Custer battle-field and the National Park, traveling a distance of about four thousand miles.

—San Francisco is happy. A tree has been discovered which finds nutriment in its thin and sterile soil, or in the sand where there is no soil of any kind, flourishes through its parching droughts, springs back with a triumphant recovery after all its branches have been held streaming steadily eastward all day long and every day before the stiff zephyrs from the sea, and shakes from its sharp lanceolate leaves the gray alkaline dust which collects in an unsightly coating over all other vegetation. It is the gum-tree, which is crowned with this cluster of rare virtues even when beset with the most trying occidental conditions. Not the particular gum-tree celebrated in song as the haunts of the distinguished opossum, but another eucalyptus recently domesticated. And now the young city proposes to plant and decorate herself with living green.

—The wild sage of the plains is a species of artemisia. It abounds in every part of Nevada, and is so intensely bitter during summer (the time when the young shoots are growing) that no animal will eat it, but directly the frost has touched it, this very bitterness gets changed to sweetness. It becomes most agreeable and fattening to animals that herd, has the peculiar property of rendering their meat tender, and of making their coat thick; it causes a sort of gloss, fur, which, to use the words of a foreign correspondent, "defies the frost of winter." Such being the case, some of the California farmers have introduced pure Cashmere goats, and herd them on the mountains. One gentleman has a flock of three thousand goats, and they are in first rate condition, their fleece being unusually silky and fine.

—A PRETTY story is told in the local columns of *The Springfield Republican* of two children who went to church together. They took a seat near the front, and, after the minister had got well into his sermon, the smaller child whispered to his sister that he would like to go home. Those who sat behind them heard the little girl tell him that he must not go without asking the minister's permission; so hand in hand they left their seats and standing before the clergyman the little child listened out his petition. The minister was naturally surprised, but without interrupting his discourse nodded assent. That did not satisfy the chisly-dren, and again the boy asked permission to go and was answered by another nod. Then the little girl, fearing the minister had not understood her brother, said, "Please, sir, may brother and I go home?" The minister stopped and verbally granted the request, and with a sweet "Thank you, sir," and a courtesy the children went down the aisle together.

—A writer in the *Troy Press* says: "To make a good silver miner a man needs a strong back, an immense amount of hopefulness, and if he has an income of a thousand or two a year, he will find it very useful to lubricate the wheels of the enterprise until he can get down to where the ledge comes in rich." It would be difficult to estimate how many fortunes have been spent and how much sweat and toil have been expended in the mountains of Nevada, whose only representative is an insignificant hole in the ground and a heap of *d'bris* on the mountain side. Near the towns the mountain sides are scored with such excavations. The seductive prospect of silver mining is that the deeper one goes the more likely he is to make a strike. Hence, though months of labor have been unrewarded, the incentive to labor on grows stronger each day, not only because of the reluctance to throw up the enterprise after so much work has been expended upon it, but also because of the belief that with each foot gained the prize is coming nearer."

## Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Home;" "Unseated;" "Invocation;" "A Lone Sailor;" "Willow on the Way;" "If Hearts Were True;" "A Late Subject;" "Our Little Difference;" "A Great Mistake;" "Pretty Miss Morton."

Declined: "The Home Club Guest;" "Make and Take;" "Frisilla's Mine;" "Why She Didn't Go to the Party;" "When Shall We Meet?" "Give an Inch and Take an Armful;" "A Cupid's Cupid the Cheat;" "Hares and Hounds;" "A Brazen Tale;" "Make Sure Doubly Sure;" "Go Ahead!"

C. C. A very fair box of water colors can be had for one dollar.

O. P. K. New York harbor is one of the best in the world; so is that of San Francisco.

JINGO. Great Britain was not "fairly whipped" by us in the war of 1812-14. Both parties cried "Enough!"

J. H. M. It is unnatural to be at war with a near neighbor. A thing for peace, peace, peace, and smiles instead of wormwood and rue. It will pay.

H. D. G. The story named was never published in this paper—"Overland Kit," first published in the spring of 1875, was not a reprint. All the stories of the "Overland Kit" series were written expressly for this paper.

CARABLANCA. The Gulf Stream is an ocean current of warm water, that is all. It is *not* a Gulf Stream at all, in reality, but is composed of the warm water of the tropics at the equator making its way along the coast back to be equalized in temperature at the north.

C. J. Send correct address, in all cases, to insure safe delivery. Great numbers of small packages are sent by mail. If the goods advertised are as represented, the price is moderate. The fact of a large sale and such extensive use of the goods, assurance of the usefulness of the article. Alexander's gloves are now sold at \$1.80; Burt's kid boots, at \$6.50.

OM JOH. We do not think the Zulus are a northern Arab race, as assessed in Europe. An English or French engine, still and unyielding, is the unfit for our sharp curves and pliable road-beds. Russia is now making locomotives and most other steam machinery she uses, but all the Czar's best engines are American.

YOUNG MACHINIST (Paterson). American locomotives are the best in the world, both for speed and power. This is not a new discovery, as the English or French engine, still and unyielding, is the unfit for our sharp curves and pliable road-beds. Russia is now making locomotives and most other steam machinery she uses, but all the Czar's best engines are American.

M. L. W. writes: "I see so many useful recipes given in the JOURNAL, I have ventured to trouble you on my own behalf. Can you tell me of something that will relieve asthma, such as a cough, cold, or a strong solution of saltpetre, and after entirely saturating it, dry it again, thoroughly; just previous to retiring for the night, put a few drops of the solution on a piece of paper, and burn it in your bed-room."

KATE AND IRIS. Not to keep an engagement is a discourtesy, and an excuse is valid and an explanation is offered at once. It was a discourtesy to the brother to refuse, if, at his sister's suggestion, you solicited his attention. The sister, however, should renege it for you, and if you go together to the hall or club, neither should feel hurt if a gentleman selects one for special attention. Such jealousy would much offend the gentleman.

A. H. D., (Faneuil Hall, Boston.) We cannot tell you where to find the poem, nor who wrote it. But we will give the lines you quote:

"And all that is left of the bright, bright dream,  
With its thousand brilliant phases,  
Is a handful of dust, and a breath of cold air,  
And a coffin lid under the daisies!"

and if any of our readers can tell whose they are, and where they may be found, we hope they will do so.

F. R. B. In stock operations, the buyer is expected, in authorizing a broker to deposit with him, to broker 5 per cent. of the par value of the order given. This stock is then held as the own collateral. If stock recedes from purchased cost, the buyer is called upon for the difference. The broker is charged by the broker on par value of the stock so long as he holds it; and, as broker charges a commission on buying and selling, and interest on stock carried, he is not a very generous customer, who, in the end, is quite sure to be the loser.

JESSE ST. CLAIR. You are learning the lesson that flirtation and coquetry does not pay. You may be sure that you will lose your lover if you continue to be so capricious, and to torment him with your attentions to other men. Your conduct has been imprudent, and you should not complain of the coldness nor your own unhappiness, since it is your own fault that you are alienating your lover's affections. Be true to him, treasure him, treat him as a gentleman, and you will be happy again.—The favorite pillow-shams are of linen, hem-stitched with broad hem, and a monogram or single initial surrounded by a half-width embroidery in the center.

ALICE A. F., (Nantucket.) The style of arranging the hair to which you refer is done entirely with bandoline. In fact, all of the waves, curls, etc., with which ladies adorn their heads, are kept in place with bandoline. The cost varies with the brand. American makes are sold as low as twelve cents a bottle; imported bandoline costs from twenty-five to fifty cents a bottle. See *Notes* of Jennie Johnson.—It is perfectly proper for ladies and gentlemen to shake hands at meeting and parting.—English gaiters are the most useful traveler's luggage.—It is now spoken in nearly every country, French is not so greatly used outside of France, even in European countries, as you suppose.

SENECA. Missouri was once "under the flag of the French." Under the flag of the French, the "Louisiana country," the title of the territory from the Missouri river on the north and Mississippi river on the east, was ceded to this government. The French, indeed, claimed and exercised jurisdiction in all the region traversed by the French Canadian explorers, Marquette and La Salle, until they were driven out of what was known as the "Northwest Territory;" but the Louisiana Territory, as indicated, they held under sovereignty until 1804. St. Louis, down to a comparatively recent period, was like New Orleans, a French city. So you have lost your bet. Before you again bet on a matter of history, read up!

TOM M. D. You have no right to ask a lady to accept you as her exclusive company, when you have not decided upon her, or when you are not sure that you should do so, you would marry her. It would be a contemptible mean act. The fact that you think she cares so much for you is no argument in its favor. Rather, since you do not intend to marry her, to her, you should seek to discourage her liking for you, giving her distinctly to infer that your feelings are merely those of ordinary friendship. Do not draw her free to accept the attentions of other gentlemen. For a gentleman to pay such constant attentions to a young lady whom he does not intend to marry that casual acquaintances would be likely to draw the inference that his intentions were serious and matrimonial, is secondarily behavior.

H. S. W. says: "Will you please tell me how to make linen glossy? I try to get the linen polished upon cuffs and collars. I make very thick starch, and while it is boiling add one to two table-spoonsful of gum-arabic water, and stir well with a spoon or wax candle. Dip the linen into the starch, after they have been through the wringer, seeing to it that the right sides are folded together and only the wrong sides in contact with the starch. Zw the starch well in, and hang out to dry. A half-hour before ironing, fold the right sides together and dip in thin, cold, unboiled starch. Spread separately upon towels, and iron out tight. Use a thin, clean piece of cloth over each article during the few times you pass the hot iron over it; then remove and iron until perfectly dry, smooth, and polished. Blisters should be wiped with a damp cloth, and ironed over again. Your irons must be perfectly polished upon table-salt, or with beeswax. Keep a bottle of gum-arabic water always strained and corked for use."

JENNIE L. ROBINSON asks: "Is it true that a string of amber beads worn around the throat will prevent hay-fever and cure throat troubles? Is amber ever used in jewelry? What are the warmest gloves for winter wear? Do you think that a gentleman should always wait for a lady to recognize him first, especially when he is wearing a new coat? We do not have much faith in the idea now so popular that amber beads are a sort of 'cure-all' for every kind of lung and bronchial trouble. It is something like the 'blue glass' mania, but there may be some medicinal quality in amber, as it is peculiarly electrical. When handling it, the workmen are obliged to frequently change the pieces, while the electricity passes off. The Arabs call it 'catch-chaff' on account of these qualities; and the ancients invested it with a soul and regarded it with great superstition. It is a fossilized vegetable gum, which exuded from forests of past epochs; but so capable is it of a high polish and delicate workmanship, that it is largely used for articles of jewelry.—Castor beaver and dog-skin, or fleecy kid gloves, are now very fashionable. They are knitted in all colors and in beautiful patterns, and are worn over the daintiest kid gloves.—Except in the case of extremely intimate friends, a gentleman should always wait a lady's recognition before bowing to her, unless the meeting takes place at a social gathering, where any gentleman is privileged to seek his friends and converse with them."

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.



## PENDELICE.

## A LOVE IDYL.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but, when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life."—SOLOMON.

## PROLOGUE.

## PENA.

Oh, love unrequited! it biteth like an adder;  
All hopes lie buried in their graves;  
The music of the pulses of a heart is sadder  
Than the music of the sad sea waves.  
When love once won seems slowly to languish,  
Every sweetness of life is gone;  
And the pain attending death is less than the  
anguish  
From the love that is lost when won.

## THEME.

## PENA-DELICIE.

He thought that he had lost his love,  
And, losing her, that he had lost  
The daily glory spread above  
The beauty of the mighty host,  
The music of the winds and birds,  
The bloom and fragrance of the flowers;  
Oh! he'er can be expressed in words  
His misery all the weary hours.

At length a tiny letter came,  
Love-letters, as goblets to the brim;  
And, as he read his darling's name  
The world again was bright to him;  
Outshone upon his heart the sun,  
The clouds that gloomy phantasies furled;  
For thus she said: "My dearest one,  
I love you best in all the world."  
She called him—other names above—  
Such names as love alone bestows:  
"My darling," and "my only love,"  
And sweet titles beneath the rose.  
And—Heaven blessings on her send!  
How tenderly her pure heart shone!  
She signed her letter, at the end,  
"Your faithful, true and loving one."

In dainty beauty shines the spring,  
His heart's gladness feels again;  
The birds a joyous carol sing,  
With winds and waters in refrain.  
The flowers have raptures in bloom,  
And all is fair below, above;  
And light and beauty and perfume  
Blend with his happy dreams of love.

## EPILOGUE.

## DELICIE.

Glowing cheeks and dainty lips,  
How his heart grew stronger,  
As her rosy finger-tips  
Rest upon his shoulder!  
While, through golden hair that is  
Of the sun's shimmer,  
Sweet blue eyes send into his  
Glances soft and tender.  
Flushing cheeks and loving eyes  
Give a cordial greeting,  
While their hands, in glad surprise,  
On their lips are meeting.  
Tell me not of glory bright,  
Or of golden treasure;  
Love alone has full delight,  
Rapture beyond measure.

## Little Queen Bess.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

It wasn't much wonder that Bessie Kennedy felt her heart thumping away like an animated trip-hammer, as she stood in Judge Thurston's office, shyly and timidly bearing the burden of the keen, piercing glances that gentleman bestowed upon her.

Nor was it any wonder at all that Judge Thurston bestowed such keen, piercing glances upon her for a prettier and more charming piece of girlish womanliness had not come under the Judge's supervision for many a long day, and he was a connoisseur in feminine beauty and an ardently devoted admirer of women—especially when they came up to his standard.

And this timid, graceful little lady came exactly up to his standard, with her brown eyes the color of polished gold bronze, and the shiny hair satiny and tinted to the hue of a ripe chestnut, with the varying, sensitive color coming and going in her cheeks like pink shadows on delicate snow-drifts, with her sweet, womanly mouth and chin, the one red as a rose, and proud and firm; the other dimpled and round.

She had been sitting in the outer reception-room nearly an hour, awaiting her turn for an interview with the august gentleman of the Bar, and had at last been ushered into the holy of holies, to find it a large, elegantly-furnished room, with velvet carpeting and flaming damask curtains, amber-velvet upholstery, pictures and statuettes, books and flowers in profusion. And to find Judge Thurston a tall, commanding, handsome elderly gentleman, with heavy gray beard and hair, and stern, piercing, yet kindly eyes that looked intently at her, and then softened, as he addressed her:

"I think you are the young lady I was expecting. Glad to see you. What is it I can do for you? Take a chair, please."

Bessie took the chair, wheeled toward her, her poor little heart thumping fiercely, and she hated herself so, because she was so silly, and making desperate efforts to recover her usual ease and independence.

"I was to call, sir, this morning to learn what my prospects were."

Judge Thurston settled comfortably back in his revolving arm-chair, balanced a pen between his fingers, and proceeded to the business on hand.

"Exactly. First, if you please, your name."

"I am Bessie Kennedy."

"And age?" Pardon me, but you seem so young to undertake the responsibilities of the position I have to offer you."

She looked earnestly at him, her lovely dark eyes so wistful and imploring.

"I am nearly eighteen—very nearly eighteen, and I am not at all delicate or weak—if you mean you think I could not undertake the position on that account."

A little amused smile crept under the gentleman's mustache.

"I must confess I fear you are ignorant of the duties of the position, Miss Kennedy. In the first place, the children, although there are not very many of them, are quite unruly, and require a strong, discreet hand to manage them."

Bessie brightened, and almost interrupted him, eagerly.

"I do so love children, sir! And—children nearly always mind me."

"And love you—naturally," he continued, with a gallantry that brought the sensitive rosy tide to her face.

"We will consider that difficulty overcome, then, Miss Kennedy. Next, you are competent to take entire charge of the household? Of course, with assistants under your exclusive direction?"

Bessie felt just a little bewildered, for she had no idea the much-coveted school in Briarwood, for which she was applying, was of such high grade as to require more than one teacher. But she knew of no reason why she was not competent to fill the place of head teacher, and so there was a sparkle of resolve and consciousness in her eyes when she answered.

"I think I can suit, sir. At any rate, I will do my very best."

"None of us can ask more or do more, than one's best, Miss Kennedy. Now about the—the salary. It is fairly fifty dollars a month, and of course, board included, and—"

"Oh, then I am not to live at home?"

In turn, Judge Thurston looked inquiringly.

"At home? Pardon me, but I cannot understand how that would be possible, Miss Kennedy. Your duties as my housekeeper, would certainly not permit."

Bessie jumped to her feet, her face paling and flushing vividly.

"Your housekeeper?"

And Judge Thurston thought he never had

seen such a sweet, startled face before, as he answered, smilingly, but rather astonishedly because of Bessie's astonishment:

"My housekeeper, Miss Kennedy, certainly, and although I will admit I had expected a much older—different lady to overlook my household, I must say I have changed my mind since I have seen the candidate my friend Mrs. Maryl selected and sent me."

Bessie's face flushed still more rosily, and there were quite decided suspicions of angry mortified tears gathering in the bonny brown eyes.

"But there is a stupid mistake somewhere. Judge Thurston! Mrs. Maryl did not send me here—I never heard of such a person. I came to apply for the vacancy in the Hill Hill school!"

An expression, which for utter blankness, had never before in his judicial career been seen on Judge Thurston's face, took sudden possession of it, while Bessie stood irresolutely by the chair she had vacated, uncertain whether her best course were to run, or laugh, or cry, or rave.

Until the gentleman came to the rescue, his blue eyes overflowing with amusement.

"As you say, there has been a blunder, for which please pardon me. Now, Miss Kennedy, suppose we begin over again?"

So they began over again, and in less than fifteen minutes Judge Thurston had written with his own august hand a letter of such commendatory character, concerning Bessie, to the Board of Examining Trustees, that the matter was virtually settled in Bessie's favor, and she was taking her leave, her sweet face all afire with the delight and excitement of the whole affair, and her eyes shining like brown diamonds, when the next aspirant for the honor of a private interview with the Judge was announced—a tall, stout, sensible, plain-looking woman, as much like dainty Bess as a lily of the valley is like a flaming hollyhock—who stated her business very promptly and plainly.

"From Mrs. Maryl, your honor, and would like the place in your family she mentioned you want filled."

The Judge waved her to a seat, and as he bowed his adieu to Bessie, their eyes met in a swift, amused glance, and Bessie went away with a flush on her cheeks, and her heart thrilling with delight, of course, that she had secured her situation.

"Diphtheria, without a doubt, and the Judge is terribly distressed for the child's safety—and no wonder, for not a soul in that big house will go near the sick-room, great, hulking cowards, and a motherless child suffering perhaps unto death."

Old Dr. Dayton picked up the reins angrily from off his steady old mare's back, where he had laid them when Bessie Kennedy stopped him, on her way from school, to make her lovely inquiry to her pet pupil—bright, busy, loving little Maude Thurston.

"Diphtheria! Oh, Dr. Dayton! And those three helpless little children to catch it in turn—and did you say no one of the servants—or anybody would go near poor little Maude?"

The rich color deepened on her cheeks, and her brown eyes, like glittering stars, were glowing with mingled pity and indignation.

"People are in an imbecile state of panic about diphtheria. Of course it's bad, bad enough, God knows; but what if it is, when a little motherless child lies tossing and turning in fever, all by herself, except when the Judge can get away from his office, to her? He nurses her through the night, and what's a man in a sick-room?"

Bessie probably did not hear the question, for she stood prodding among the dead leaves with her umbrella. Then, she looked up suddenly and resolutely.

"Dr. Dayton, please tell Judge Thurston I'll come and nurse Maude. I'm not in the least afraid of diphtheria. I'll get my sister to take the school for awhile. Poor little Maude!"

Dr. Dayton drove away, his little shrewd gray eyes twinkling, to tell Judge Thurston what Bessie had said.

"I tell you, there's the right sort of stuff in little Miss Kennedy, judge! What a wife, what a mother she'll be to somebody, one of these days!"

And in those terrible days that followed, when it seemed as if Bessie fought for his darling's life, inch by inch, when her patience knew no faltering, her devotion no wearying, Judge Thurston shared Dr. Dayton's enthusiasm with all his heart.

But, the dread disease at last took its leave; Dr. Dayton paid his last visit to the little convalescent, and Bessie and Maude were sitting together for the last evening, for Bessie was to return to her duties on the following Monday, and she had laughingly declared she must devote the intervening days to a thorough disinfesting process, for the benefit of her scholars.

"But, I don't ever know what I shall do without you, Miss Kennedy," Maude wailed, piteously. "Nobody ever was so kind to me since mamma died—only papa—but he's only a man."

Bessie smoothed the long, bright curls she saved from the cruel scissors when the child's fever raged so hotly.

"Oh, I'll see you at school every day, dear, when you get just a little stronger. And shall I ask your papa to let you come see me on Saturday—you and Allen and Rose? And we'll have—let's see—we'll have fairy pulls, and doll's parties, and, perhaps, a cooking club. Altogether, we'll get along quite comfortably."

The child's blue eyes brightened a moment, then the old misery came back.

"It wasn't for that cross old Miss Green—oh, Miss Kennedy, if papa would let me, I should hate the housekeeper I'm sure he'd send her away. Oh, Miss Kennedy! Oh dear Miss Bessie, wouldn't it be splendid, splendid if you could be our housekeeper, and always, always stay!"

And Judge Thurston, in his office adjoining, sitting smoking in the early winter dusk, saw the warm color flame all over Bessie's cheek at the child's artless question.

An hour later, Bessie went into the conservatory to gather her farewell bouquet, and found Judge Thurston deliberately waiting for her.

"So you have decided this to be your last night, Bessie?"

He had fallen into addressing her by her initial name of late.

"My last night—only think of my poor neglected school!"

He was walking beside her now, between the fragrant orange trees.

"And also only think how forlorn we will be without you! How can I thank you for your sweet charity, your noble devotion to our time of need?"

Bessie picked a faded leaf off a spray of roses she had gathered, her face looking very sweet and serious, and pure as a child's.

"I don't want any pay, Judge Thurston. I came because it was my duty to come—and before I go away, I would just like to speak to you on one subject, if you will pardon me. It is something Maude has complained to me about."

He smiled beneath his thick gray mustache, and such an amused, tender light came into his eyes as he listened.

"It is about Miss Green—she hardly treats the children as they deserve, and as you may think she does. And can't endure that they should be unhappy through her."

She looked wistfully up in his face. He was watching her eagerly.

"It is somewhat strange that you should have mentioned this, because it was on the same subject that I wanted to speak to you. I have discharged Miss Green—because I have made up my mind that I shall marry again, and I wish my wife to be at the head of the house."

Well, and what if he did propose marrying again? Was that anything, pro or con, to her? Only, what a foolish pang of sick pain she somehow felt.

"That is," the Judge went on, "if the lady I love will take me and my children. Once she refused to be my housekeeper; and once she saved my darling's life; and now, I want her so much for my wife—my precious, darling little

wife! Bessie, sweet eyes, look up! Look at me, dear—do you love me enough to take me?"

And the village school lost its teacher; and the village people gossiped, as a natural thing; and Judge Thurston installed little brown-eyed Bessie in his magnificent home, and between munging it in all its luxurious details, and loving Maude and Allen and little Rose, and worshipping her handsome, dignified husband, happy Bessie finds her life very busy and very blessed.

## FORGET ME NOT.

BY WM. W. LONG.

It may be in the freilicht by the ingleside,  
Where friends with happy faces sit;  
It may be 'neath the luster of the stars  
That you will me forget.

It may be in the home beside the river,  
Where life is love and love is true,  
That I will fade from out thy memory,  
A face that once you knew.

Bright hope doth fade—so far is heaven,  
The dead on earth so dear above;  
What am I but a wreck, a ruin,  
That I should hold thy love?

Still by the sweet past—dead, but holy,  
When I am in thy memory but a blot,  
Fair woman, seraph formed and molded,  
Oh! by the past, forget me not!

## El Capitan:

OR,

## The Queen of the Lakes.

A Romance of the Mexican Valley.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

## CHAPTER XIV.

A SWEET RESPONSE.

In all the record of a somewhat eventful life, I cannot remember having passed a more miserable night than this in the Laguna de Chalco. I had been long on the prairies of the North, half famished with hunger and almost dying of thirst; in imminent danger of having my scalp "raised" by red-skins; had lain all night upon the battle-field, with scarce a drop of blood in my body, but a wound which had deepened me, I believed, to be mortal; had twice suffered shipwreck, to escape upon a raft. But to all these incidents I can look back lightly, cheerfully, compared with my remembrance of that night of misery spent in the middle of a swamp; for a most wretched one it was. To make him acquainted with the nature of the quagmire around us—what I had read and been told about it—would have been a difficult task, if not impossible. He had laughed at the canoeing account of it, treating the whole thing as a joke; at all events, an exaggeration, due to the young fellow's fears. I know it was not, long as it but too well; and, so enlightened, felt correspondingly sad. Not strange, with such a prospect before us—a fate possibly the same as befell the fisherman. In the midst of a dismal marsh, imprisoned securely as within the walls of a dungeon, to pass days and nights in wearisome existence; tortured by hunger—thirst we need not fear—and then, last and worst horror of all, the zopilotes (black vultures), seen soaring above, on shadowy wings, with their outstretched and blood-stained beaks, threatening to swoop down upon us—we too weak to fight them off!

Such was the picture all that night passing before my mental vision—not in dreams, for I slept not, but in fancy, too likely to become real.

There was something besides; another baneful thought to harass, making my cup of misery brimful. For, despite my own immediate danger, I could not help dwelling on that which might at the same moment be besetting the Indian girl; regretting that I had parted from her at all—thence I had not stayed and taken our chances with the men in the boats, whoever they might be.

"Would that we were back there now!" was a wish that more than once I gave expression to, my comrades as oft responding to it. What a pity we did not wait their coming up. The effect of our situation on the men was not the same. They were not so weak as we were.

As the shipwrecked sailor, who, all night clinging to spar or royal mast still above the waves, watches for the morning's light, so I watched we. To see come the dawn, and with it no light, sound, or sign to give us hope of deliverance. Instead, something to make us more despairing. All night we had heard the cry of the quay-bird—bittern of the western world—whose shrill, lugubrious note seemed the foreboding of death. Now, in the morning, with the sunrise that should have been cheerful, our ears were saluted by sounds proclaiming death near at hand—the hoarse croak of the turkey vulture, and the shriller squeal of the harpy eagle. Birds of both these species had sighted us, with a seeming knowledge we must soon beget.

Again we stood upright, and gazed over the cinto, on all sides, round and round. If weird and woe-inspiring under the moon's light, it seemed not a whit more cheerful with the sun shining upon it. Indeed less; for now we saw more distinctly the vast wilderness of green stretching afar, till it met the base of the brown rugged mountains, and could better comprehend the hopelessness of our situation. The nearest dry land was miles distant, though had it been but a furlong, the impossibility of reaching it would have been the same.

We had never been a return of hope, which came with the daylight, as such ever does, even to those lying on a death-bed. And while it continued we were neither silent nor inactive; instead, shouting loudly, and at intervals firing shots from our pistols—signals of distress.

He was doing his best to be heard, but not much of their being understood. More likely would they be mistaken for a fusillade of fowling guns, making havoc among the *anadidos* of the lake. However, we kept up the shooting until our last cartridge was spent, and the shouting till we were hoarse. Neither brought response.

As a *derrière resort* we rigged up a pole, which chanced to be in the canoe, with our handkerchiefs on its top, extended upon a cross-pole we had attached to it. This done, we desisted from all further action—less to await the rescue, for we scarce looked for any, than because we could do no more.

In all this the Indian gave us not the slightest assistance, nor seemed to take any interest in our efforts. Possibly he supposed them to be idle, and with the characteristic apathy of his race, and its faith in fatalism, believed his time came. Whatever the reason, there sat he in sullen resignation, a very picture of despair, aught but a cheerful fellow-traveler on the journey of death!

And on such both my comrade and I now believed ourselves launched, irrevocably and without return. For Crittenden had at length, and long ere this, become convinced of the danger. He could not avoid it. Doomed to a certainty, if no help came from without, and we had as good as given up all hope of that.

So we sat, by the side of death, as it were—a death pail as sure, with life long lingering; an end horrible to think of. We did think of it, nevertheless. How could we help, since it was staring us in the face?—waiting for us!

Little conversation was carried on now. All had been said that needed saying, and our

thoughts were mutually understood without the necessity of exchanging speech. They were very similar, their subject being the same—the gloomy fate before us. Dejected and sick at heart, we passed the long hours of that day; no living thing save the birds of ill-omen above, and nothing heard but their cries, alike foreboding evil. And on through the yet more irksome hours of another night; listening to the dismal cry of the great swamp owl, the vengeful-like screech of the *gruya* crane, and the wailing notes of the whippoorwill. It needed no such concert to make us melancholy; we had cause enough without it.

Stimulated by this, we again raised our voices, exerting them to the utmost. We shouted in turns, loudly calling, and in tones of appeal not to be mistaken; in the intervals listening intently.

A human voice at last—a shout—a responsive hail! Thank the Heavenly and merciful Father! No men could paint, or tongue tell, the thrill of joy that ran through us on hearing that hail. It might be likened to the cry "Re-prieved!" sent over the heads of spectators, to the ears of a condemned man standing on the scaffold.

The shout so sweet to our ears was repeated; for we had hailed in response. And then we heard several voices calling in chorus; one of which our canoeing men recognized. For he also was now roused from his apathy, and was himself again.

"Traise to the Virgin! Glory to the good Santa Medes!" he exclaimed, starting up and flinging his arms excitedly around. "You hear, caballeros? It's the Señor Don Tito who calls!"

Don Tito it surely was—his presence there soon after explained by himself. He had not come by chance or accident, but, carrying out a purpose, he had now succeeded, since it was neither more nor less than to search for ourselves. How he should know we were lost, scarce needs to be told. Simply, by the canoeing men not returning to the chinampas in due time. The good alcalde suspecting something amiss, had sent his own son—meantime returned home to San Isidro, to inquire whether we had reached that place in safety. Taking the more direct route—the alcote leading to the left—the youth arrived at San Isidro, to find from his father's friend, that we had not been for the horses which were to have been furnished us. Speeding back to the chinampas with this intelligence, it was there surmised that we had met with the mischance, which had actually befallen us. The violent storm coming suddenly on just after we had started, led Don Tito to believe that we were beset by bandoleros of a different sort to those from whom we had fled. He was right, for together a score of his people, with their boats, and placing himself at their head, the worthy alcalde had set out to look for us. He knew the route we were to have taken, and found the alcote closed up. But, by good fortune, only for a short time, as we had not yet reached their broad blades, like hay-knives—used for cutting the cinto—the chinampas soon hewed out a track for the canoe, so freeing us from our "fix."

The storm had done damage to the floating gardens; some of them having broken loose from their moorings, and drifted out into the open water. They too had been visited by *bandoleros*, real robbers of the road, as Don Tito had now no doubt they were. They had, as I supposed, made direct for the chinampa of the alcalde; but to find it deserted and the choza empty. Approaching their character, before they could make landing, he had availed himself of the means of safety hinted at, and taken to the cinto, to return home after the intruders had gone off again. This they had done, soon as the storm permitted, its violence having cleared away. Disappointed, and not having their intended victims—my comrade and myself, as we supposed—they had rowed away without committing any outrage on the water-dwellers.

All this we learnt from Don Tito while being released from our prison of the ledge. For we did not return with him to the chinampas. He proposed our doing so, offering to send us back to the city in one of his boats, by the main canal—a proposal we declined for good reasons. The bandits might still be at Tlalhuac, and our revolvers were empty, with nothing to reload them. It was a bit of good luck, our having brought these weapons with us. The sham fisherman had seen them upon our persons; and to that we were no doubt indebted for our lives—the dread which the repeating pistol inspires among all Mexicans, robbers not excepted, having saved us from being suffocated as we passed Tlalhuac. The bandits had thought better of it, and changing their plan, designed assailing us by surprise and under the shadows of night.

Don Tito, yielding to our wishes, permitted us to choose the San Isidro route, and sending us on along, we had the horses as originally intended.

In fine, we arrived safe at our respective quarters—I for one determined never again to trust myself so far afield, without being accompanied by a few files of escort.

CHAPTER XV.

AN INVITATION FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

There were now three men in or about the Mexican capital, any one of whom I would have given something to set eyes on, and a good deal to get them all under my glance.

As already said, seeing the reader will recognize them as the thief who stole Captain Moreno's watch, the boatman who betrayed us, and that elegant gentleman, "El Guapo."

I name them, not according to the order in which I was desirous of meeting them, but reverse. As already said, seeing the reader will recognize them as the thief who stole Captain Moreno's watch, the boatman who betrayed us, and that elegant gentleman, "El Guapo."

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"As you know, Captain Moreno, I shall be only too pleased to make the acquaintance of any of your friends, whoever they may be."

"That's settled, then; and I shall call for you on Thursday morning. At what hour?"

"Choose your own time; any hour after morning parade. I shall stay in quarters till you come."

"Bueno! I'll be with you by eleven. We'll soon gallop down to La Soledad, in good time for the sports, which begin early in the afternoon. My uncle intends to have a grand gathering, all the country people within miles; so you'll have an opportunity to study the *costumbres de Mexico*. And," he added, with a smile of peculiar significance, "possibly you may there see something that will please you better than all—meet somebody you'll think even prettier than my pretty cousins."

"Who?" I mechanically asked, with an eagerness he could not fail to observe. He had mentioned San Isidro. Besides, I well remembered what he had said about an uncle who lived by the lake, and with heart wildly heaving I awaited his answer, more than half aware what it would be. It was as I anticipated:

"La Reina de los Lagos."

At which he again favored me with his peculiar smile.

"Oh!" I said, making an effort to conceal my emotion, unsuccessful though. "You mean the Indian girl who sells flowers in the San Domingo market?"

"I mean the Indian girl who sells flowers in the San Domingo market," was the response, in provoking imitation of my pseudo-innocent tone; "the same from whom a certain officer of Mounted Rifles has often purchased the choicest and costliest nosegays, and—"

"Nonsense!" I burst out, interrupting him, as I felt the red rising to my cheeks.

"The same," he went on, without heeding me, "whose pretty floating flower-garden the said rifleman was so curious to inspect; and did inspect, though it came near costing him his life. Now, *amigo mío*, do you identify the individual?"

I stammered out some reply, I scarce remember what, only that it ended in a burst of laughter, in which we both took part.

"Now, Señor Capitán," he said, drawing our dialogue to a close, "I think I've secured you for the Noche Buena; doubly secured you, have I not?"

He had; and knew it, without my making answer.

#### CHAPTER XVI. EN ROUTE FOR THE FIESTA.

On the Thursday morning, as appointed, Captain Moreno came to my quarters, mounted and ready for the road. He found me awaiting him, with Crittenden, who was to be my escort, and the young Mexican having made my friend's acquaintance some time before, and invited him on his own account.

We were both in full uniform, booted and spurred. Our late experience in ranchero dress had given us a distaste for that sort of thing; so we determined to present ourselves at La Soledad in a costume we were more accustomed to, if it did not better become us. Moreover, to make sure against another scare from either robbers or guerrillas, I had detached a half-dozen files of men to accompany us as escort.

This I could do at discretion, without need to trouble headquarters about such a trifle; and it had all been already arranged with him who was our host by proxy.

"The escort," he said, glancing at the escort, mounted, and paraded before us. "Your soldiers—what fine-looking fellows they are!—will greatly add to the interest of the gathering. I'm sure my uncle will be only too glad to give them entertainment, while the country folks are so merry with delight, at this new element introduced into the arena of their sports. For I'm happy to tell you, caballero, there's no hostility now, as there was when you first made your appearance among us. You came as invaders and conquerors; which, as a matter of course, our people didn't much like. Now, they rather look upon you as protectors. And with reason, considering the way you've behaved, especially in ridding us of road gentlemen. Before your advent they made journeying around here rather a risky thing."

This was true enough, for we had been zealous in the pursuit of these Mexican brigands, and had succeeded in breaking up some of the bands, by the capture and execution of several of their noted leaders. Still there were others at large, and one whom I suspected of occasionally making his appearance in that part of the valley we were about to visit; so that taking an escort along with us was a precaution by no means unnecessary. Simple prudence called for it.

My brother officer and I expressed our gratification at hearing the Mexican so deliver himself; and everything settled, we sprang into our saddles, gave the word "March!" and were off.

Passing out through the "garita" of San Lazaro, we turned our faces eastward, along the great National Road which leads from the capital to the coast at Vera Cruz.

It was a lovely morning, the rule rather than the exception in this charming valley, where spring ever reigns, and the sun is never so hot as when summer assumes the scepter. Around us stretched the smiling plain, most of it in meadow, with here and there a maize field, bordered by rows of *maqueys* set in quincunxes, these gigantic aloes forming the characteristic vegetation of the valley. In front was the great salt Lake Texcoco, of itself a little sea, reflecting, as from a vast mirror laid upon its back, the mountain ranges which rose beyond, these appearing part of its frame. Southward on this same cordillera, the Mexican Andes, known as the Sierra Madre Extremal, was conspicuous. La *mujer blanca* of the Spanish-speaking inhabitants—the "white woman" herself seen reclining upon her back, with knees slightly elevated, breasts protuberant, and head resting upon a pillow of down. Still further south, and on the same ridge—separated from Ixticahuatl by the towering the loftier Popocatepetl, the mountain that smokes,—its Aztec appellation telling it to have been an active volcano; which it still is, intermittently. Around the valley were carried down to the sea, the mountains, those behind our backs being in the western cordillera, which displays the solitary snow cone of Toluca; while on our right and left trended transverse sierras of lower elevation, though many of them high as Mont Blanc, uniting the two cordilleras, and so completing the periphery of this remarkable table-land. It would be difficult to imagine, much more look upon lovelier landscape than that we had before and around us; possessing every element of the beautiful and new. Like some vast scenic picture, framed in rugged rock-work. A scene, too, teeming with interest to the historian; still more to the geologist, who at every step may discover traces of earthquake and volcanic action, all the forces of upheaval with the opposite and less violent of denudation, and so completing the picture. As he rides across it, from east to west, or makes the traverse from north to south, he will not fail to note certain isolated eminences, less like hills than miniature mountains, rising directly up from the plain without any unevenness of ground around their bases. Some of these "cerros" are flat-topped, others conical, with a quaint resemblance to tea-cups turned bottom upward, many having an extinct crater either in their side or summit. Even in Lake Chalco itself, as already stated, two or three of these little volcanoes shot up out of the swamp, their jagged, dark lava and basalt in striking contrast with the rich verdure of the surrounding sedge.

In several scouting expeditions made through the Mexican Valley, while in the performance of my duty, I had ridden among and around these odd elevations, observing them with interested eyes. But on this particular morning, I neither looked at, nor thought of them. All my thoughts were given to the sort of people I should meet at La Soledad; but more than all—

—I may as well confess it—to one I had met before.

Would she be there? And would she be glad to see me? The former question included the latter, and I could not answer it. Moreno had said, possibly, without giving any reasons for his thinking it an uncertainty, and not on any account would I have asked him for them now. He seemed already to know enough, or too much, of my love affair; though how he had come by his knowledge I could not even guess. I had held no one of my inclinations in that quarter—not even Crittenden—and was rather congratulating myself on having kept them secret. As it appeared, I was mistaken, and so far as the satisfaction of secrecy went, had been but living in a fool's paradise.

If at the fiesta, how would the Queen of the Lakes comport herself? With dignity, I could tell; and of her grace there needed no guessing. I could fancy her there, queen of the land as the lakes. It was not of this however I was thinking, but her behavior in other respects. Was she likely to enact the rôle of coquette, and so justify Espinosa's insinuations? or would she be, as I had hitherto seen her, the personification of ingenuousness—of innocence—to all appearance good as she was beautiful?

As yet I had no jealousy. The pang I had experienced, listening to the innuendoes of the would-be go-between, and the talk of the lancer colonel—borne out by appearances, was not exactly of that kind. Besides, it had long since passed away, and I no longer dreaded even a glimmer of my rival. But there might be a rival for all that—some youth I had not yet seen, neither heard of. If so, I would surely see him at La Soledad—supposing he be there. Who, and what like would he be? One of her own race? Absurd! The strain of blood from Aztec kings, and unchallenged the line of descent, there was none in the valley of Mexico—none living—fit mate for my queen. Sure was I of that.

Who, then, might be the besieger of her heart—if such there was? If such there was! What a ridiculous condition! There could be no doubt in this regard; for such there must be—not one, but many. A more rational question was, had any of them won it? And if so, who? I could fancy it was this *fiesta* best, surrounded by flatterers, admirers. Such a spectacle I should be sure to see, still supposing her there. But, how could I believe that up to that hour—she was woman grown, if not of woman's age—she had resisted such a battery of assaults?

A miracle if she had, and the greater the triumph to win, the sweeter to possess her!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 466.)

### Dora's Mother-in-law.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

OLD Mrs. Morris did not fancy "city girls." She was dressed to the teeth in all that was old-fashioned of flounces and frivolity, and "store-girls" as the worst of the bunch.

"Oh, I know 'em!" says mother Morris. "I've seen jest lots of 'em, switchin' their long trains and ruffles up and down the store floors, and puttin' on airs when a girl, sensible, folks come in to buy! Lordy! one would think they owned a brick block and a million of money, anyhow, and they do say most of 'em board in the awful holes, and spend every cent for the fads to cover their backs with. Nice house-keepers they'd make! Store-girls! Don't tell me!"

Now it chanced that mother had one "own and only" son and heir, who was in business over at Woodstown. And Woodstown was quite an aristocratic place, and boasted much of what is called "good society."

Mother Morris was very proud of her boy, and delighted that he was where he had so good a chance to select what she longed for, and had never possessed—a daughter.

Judge, then, what she felt when Tom came over one day to bring her news of his marriage with a young lady with whom he had become acquainted in one of the great wholesale houses where he went to buy goods.

"A store girl," gasped mother Morris, dropping her chin, and looking at him with a gasp. "Yes, mother. But a dear, tidy, industrious little body who longs for a home of her own."

"What sort of a place will she keep?" sighed the bewildered mother.

"A neat one, I'm sure, mother, for she is always here, and she has brought up in a good home—her father was quite wealthy at one time. When he died, a rich uncle would have taken her, but she preferred to support herself and be independent. That speaks well for her, mother."

"Well enough!" growled Mother Morris. "I'm sure you'll love her when you know her." persisted Tom. "You'll come over to the wedding, and let me bring her here for a visit, won't you?"

"Oh, yes! I s'pose I'll have to!" groaned mother Morris, covering her face with her apron. "Tain't natur' to turn against my own boy, even if he does disappoint me. It'll be bad enough on you to have a shiftless wife to take care of, and now you're losin' another too! Brife, mother, I'll do my best for ye, Tom. But I don't see why you couldn't choose a wife from the plain country girls around home; I'm sure I don't!"

Tom only laughed as he kissed his mother good-by, and then he went off, for the reason was because he never found any of them worth loving.

Well, man proposes, you know—but he doesn't always dispose.

Mother Morris proposed to go to Tom's wedding, and she herself was pleased to go, possibly notwithstanding her disappointment. But when the time came, she was laid up with her spiteful old enemy, rheumatism, and could barely hobble around her own room.

She wrote to Tom, sending a set of solid silver spoons as a wedding gift, and inviting him to finish their wedding trip with a visit to her.

She dreaded the meeting with her daughter-in-law greatly, but she made preparations to receive them in her best style. And when they came, and Tom introduced a trim little body, with sweet, sensible face, as his wife, she could not help admitting that as far as looks went, he had made a good choice.

The nice alpaca traveling-dress was pronounced "most too stylish," but it was neither frivolous nor extravagant. And when next morning Dora came down in a chintz wrapper, and offered her help in the kitchen, saying she knew how to do housework, and liked it too, her victory over Tom's mother was pretty well won.

They spent a pleasant week, and then returned to Woodstown, and Dora did not quite a pretty cottage Tom had rented.

During their visit, mother Morris learned that Dora had saved five hundred dollars from her salary. This, she supposed, would furnish the house, and therefore she withheld for the present, a sum she had intended giving them for that purpose.

In a few weeks she went over to see them. Tom and Dora were delighted to show her over every nook and corner of the neat, new house.

The merchant who met mother Morris's eye in the parlor, was a fine piano.

"A piano! I didn't know you could afford one, Tom!" was her exclamation.

"I couldn't, mother," says Tom. "To furnish the house was all I could do. Dora bought that with her five hundred dollars."

"It is my own extravagance," said Dora, smiling, though her fair cheeks flushed a little. "I felt as if I couldn't live without music."

"Oh!" was all the answer mother Morris gave. But her manner showed that she did think it extravagant, and Dora felt it keenly.

Only the more, because Tom did not quite approve of the purchase of the piano, but thought it would be better to wait a few years.

Dora did not offer to play for mother Morris, nor did any one ask her. The piano was kept quietly closed during her visit.

Everything was in faultless order. The good

mother-in-law could find no flaw, save the one extravagance in the parlor, which was tacitly avoided by all of them.

Time went on, and Tom's affairs prospered finely the first year. Then the hard times set in, and stronger houses than Tom's felt the pressure.

He got along pretty well, all things considered. But his mother, when she came for her usual spring visit, could see that he looked worn and worried.

One evening he came in very pale, and threw himself in his chair with a saddened groan.

"What the matter? Are you sick?" asked both mother Morris and Dora, at once.

"Matter enough! I've tried so hard to keep up, and now everything has got to go by the board!" groaned Tom, leaning his face in his hands.

"Let us know what you mean. Is it your business?" asked mother Morris.

"Yes; I thought I had everything arranged and I could keep up nicely, if I could get through the next three days; and I can't do it."

"Why didn't you come to me for help?" asked mother Morris.

"I thought I could get through by myself, and then I would have been so proud," declared poor Tom. "If I had known this yesterday, I could have got help for a few days."

"Known what?" asked Dora, quietly.

"Rove and Ross failed to-day. Nobody thought of such a thing yesterday, but it's a dead break, a tea-total smash. I hold some paper of theirs, which must be paid to-morrow morning, or the bank will put it to protest. And if my name once goes to protest, every thing else will crowd right on, and I'll be ruined by to-morrow night! Ah me!" and Tom groaned again.

"How much is the note?" asked Dora, a suppressed excitement in her voice.

"Twelve hundred."

"How much can you raise on it?"

"I can let you have the money, but we can't get it here by to-morrow morning," said his mother.

"No, we could not, thank you all the same, mother. But it's too late! Too late! I only care for your sake, Dora, dear, I don't mind for myself."

Dora rose and left the room without a word.

"It's more than she can bear," sighed poor Tom.

"Selfish! She don't try to comfort you!" thought the mother, though she forbore to add to Tom's grief by a word.

Presently Dora came back, and her mother-in-law, glancing at her, was almost indignant at her bright, merry face. She could not help saying:

"Dora, you look as if you didn't believe it."

"No more I don't!" said Dora, brightly. She went straight over to Tom, and said to him:

"Hold out your two hands, mister!"

Wondering, Tom obeyed.

Drawing her own little hands, close clasped, through his, she left in his palms a thick roll of bills.

"Dora, what is this?" cried Tom.

"Money—count it," said Dora, laconically. Tom counted. Just eight hundred dollars.

"Dora, whose money is this?" he asked.

"It was mine a minute ago. It is yours, now," answered Mrs. Dora, demurely.

"Where did you get it?" demanded Tom.

"The piano got it for me. Did you think I was going to do nothing, while you worked, Tom? You knew I had some music scholars."

"You said you meant to take two or three, for spending money, and I thought that was all you had done."

"But you see you are away from home so much, you don't know what I'm up to here. I have had all the scholars I could attend to, and hard work to get through, sometimes. I've made all that, Tom, and I kept it for some hour of need. Will it help you now?"

"Help me!" and Tom just pulled Dora down on his knee, and cried like a girl, big fellow as he was. And I'm not sure mother Morris and Dora both didn't help him!

But I am sure the note didn't go to protest. And with a little help from his mother, Tom weathered the gale, and was as prosperous as ever.

And mother Morris took back every word she had said about extravagance, and "store-girls," and now thinks there is nobody, anywhere, equal to Tom's wife.

While Dora, next to that big, good-natured husband of hers, prizes and loves her mother-in-law.

### THE BALLAD OF PROSE AND RHYME.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

When the roads are heavy with mire and rut,  
In November fog, in December snows,  
When the North Wind howls, for the pilgrims are shut,  
There is place and to spare for the pains of prose;  
But whenever a scent from the whitethorn blows,  
And the jasmine-stars at the twilight chime,  
And a Rosalind face at the casement shows,  
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

When the brain gets dry as an empty nut,  
When the reason stands on its suairest toes,  
When the mind (like a beard) has a formal cut,  
There is place and to spare for the pains of prose;  
But whenever the May-bird sings and glows,  
And the young year draws to the "wanton prime,"  
And the heart is glad at the casement shows,  
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

In a theme where the thoughts diademat strut,  
In a changing garb of "Ayes" and "Noes,"  
In a starry procession of "If" and "But,"  
There is place and to spare for the pains of prose;  
And the birds are glad in the pairing time,  
And the secret is told "that no one knows,"  
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

IN VOY.  
In the place of life—for its needs and woes,  
There is place and to spare for the pains of prose;  
But whenever the joy-bells clash and chime,  
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

### The Fresh of Frisco: OR, The Heiress of Buenaventura.

A Story of Southern California.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.  
AUTHOR OF "THE WOLF-DEMON," "INJUN DICK,"  
"THE POLICE STY," "THE WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "THE CHILD OF THE SAVANNA,"  
"PRETTY MISS NELL," "THE MAN FROM TEXAS," "ACE OF SPADES,"  
"OWLS OF NEW YORK,"  
ETC., ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXVII. TURNING THE TABLES.

WITH the spring of a tiger the unknown assailant had leaped upon the adventurer, and stout Sandy McAlpine, despite his great strength, was taken at a fearful disadvantage.

The merchant of Buenaventura, too, was as so prompt to act, and being a man of large and muscular frame, almost a match for McAlpine at any time, he proved to be of no mean assistance to the other.

In a second after the new-comer attacked the adventurer in the rear, McKerr grappled with him in front, and between the efforts of the two, despite Sandy's desperate struggles, he was quickly brought to the ground, and then, when this feat was accomplished, with a dexterity due to long and constant practice, the new-comer whipped out a lariat and skillfully trussed McAlpine hand and foot, and so tightly and artistically was this job performed, that, when it was concluded, the adventurer was practically as helpless as a child in the hands of his foes, exposed to a terrible fate indeed if they chose to push their advantage.

McAlpine conquered, the two victors stood upright, drew a long breath and looked down in triumph upon their prey.

The merchant had at once recognized the Mexican, for it was the cutthroat bully of Tejon Camp, who had come so opportunely to his assistance. The alcalde had not neglected to introduce his best bravo to the merchant.

"Now then, Sandy McAlpine, I fancy that the situation is somewhat changed!" McKerr exclaimed, in triumph.

"I was foolish to have given you a single chance for your life!" the adventurer retorted, bitterly. "I ought to have settled my account with you with a well-aimed bullet the moment I saw you."

"Oh!" McKerr cried, "is that what you think? By the faith that is in me, Sandy McAlpine, I think that, with your own lips, you have sealed your doom!" And then he turned to the Mexican. "How did it happen that you came as you did? Was it accident or design? By all that is lucky but you came at the right moment, for this fellow had me foul!"

"Orders," replied the cut-throat, laconically.

"Oh, yes, orders!" cried the adventurer, in anger, "orders from your ally, the black-hearted alcalde of Tejon Camp, and, like a fool, I never suspected that he would put a watch upon me, although I might have known that he would."

"You are not a wise man to walk into the lion's den, take him by the beard and then think no evil consequences would follow the rash act," the merchant remarked. "What were the orders regarding this fellow?" he asked, again addressing the Mexican.

"To follow him—find out where he went and who he had with him, for he said that a woman accompanied him."

"Aha!" cried McKerr, abruptly, "that was your game, eh?" The merchant, a shrewd and crafty plotter himself, at once jumped to the other's plan. "You pretended that Barbara Scott had escaped from the wreck, and you came here to see how much money you could extort out of us. Oh, it was a bold game; but it failed, and now I am master of your fate. Come, what have you to say for yourself?"

The adventurer scowled, but would not gratify his enemy with a reply.

"But you have failed at every point, and now your life is at my mercy!" the merchant continued, in triumph. "Sandy McAlpine, is there any reason in the world why I should spare you, now that I hold you helpless in my power?"

"Oh, go on with your work, and don't waste your breath," McAlpine retorted, impatiently; "you may need it some day to cool your porridge."

"What were the orders in regard to this man's life?" the merchant asked of the Mexican.

"To kill him if he was ugly," the cutthroat answered, speaking as carelessly as though he referred to a rabbit rather than to a human being.

"Well, then you might as well settle him at once and save all further trouble," McKerr remarked, after reflecting for a moment in regard to the matter.

The Mexican took his revolver from his pocket where it hung suspended at his side and cocking the weapon coolly approached the helpless man in order to make his aim certain.

Despite his iron will and his cool nerves the sweat-drops began to ooze out on the forehead of the adventurer. Sandy McAlpine had seen dark angels of death pretty close to him quite a number of times during his life of adventure, but never nearer than now.

"All ready," said the bravo, taking deliberate aim at the head of the prostrate man, the muzzle not a yard from him.

"Hullo, what are you about?" cried Sandy McAlpine!"

The Mexican obeyed on the word, but there were two reports instead of one, the first a moment quicker than the second.

Wonderful was the result.

A former had turned the bend in the trail, a hundred feet off, just at the moment when the merchant had given the command to fire, and, unobserved by all the actors in the tragic scene, had immediately taken a hand in the affair.

He perceived that murder was in the air and at once took action. He was resolved at all hazards and at all risks, if he could, to prevent the perpetration of the bloody deed.

His first shot; the Mexican's second.

Lope had sniped, with bloody design, to take the life of the adventurer, and the new-comer, with a quick, snap shot, fired apparently without the formality of aim being taken at all, had struck the revolver from the hand of the cutthroat, the shock acting upon the Mexican like a shock from a galvanic battery, almost rendering helpless his strong, cunning right arm.

The timely bullet saved the life of the bound and helpless man, for the bullet of the bravo, sped away harmless through the air.

"Hullo, what are you about?" the new-comer cried, the moment he fired, advancing rapidly with outstretched weapon, fully master of the situation.

"Help! help!" exclaimed McAlpine; "these men intend to murder me in cold blood."

By this time the Mexican had recovered from the effects of the sudden shock which the stranger had so unceremoniously bestowed upon him, and, with a muttered curse, he sprang toward his revolver, but the stranger was on the alert and with a warning word he halted the cut-throat.

"Hold on!" he cried, imperiously, "don't touch that weapon or I shall be compelled to bore you!"

The tone of the stranger's voice perfectly satisfied the Mexican that the speaker would be as good as his word; and then, too, the new-comer was no stranger to him, although he was to the merchant who had never had the pleasure of making his acquaintance.

The new-comer was Jackson Blake, the Fresh of Frisco.

With that remarkable spirit of interference which was so strong in his nature, Blake no sooner looked upon the scene than he was impelled to come to the rescue of the man, who, bound and helpless upon the ground, was at the mercy of the others.

The merchant glared in anger when he saw the Mexican halt so promptly at the call of the new-comer. He knew nothing of Blake—nothing whatever of the Fresh of Frisco's wonderful skill with all sorts of weapons; he had no idea that it was the stranger's skillfully-aimed ball which had stricken the revolver from the hand of the Mexican; on the contrary, he had fancied that Lope had carelessly missed the almost certain shot and had dropped his weapon in disgust, and so the wily McKerr, loth to give up the prey, now so secure in his power, shared a brave front to the stranger.

His revolver was out and so he instantly "covered" the bold intruder with it, an operation which did not seem to trouble Blake in the least, for he held his weapon at the level of his waist and made no attempt to repeat the other's threatening gesture.

"Be off with you and mind your own business!" the merchant cried, loudly. "Why do you thrust yourself into a quarrel which can have no possible interest to you?"

"Oh, it's a way I have," Blake replied, in his easy, careless manner, which was so deceptive, and which so generally led strangers into a wrong impression.

"Well, it's a way that you had better get out of!" cried McKerr, arrogantly. He fancied that he had measured his man, and that, awed by his bold front, the stranger was, to use the mountain phrase, beginning to "take water."

"Oh, but I ain't, you know," Blake retorted, rather enjoying the joke.

"You had better; you may interfere in a quarrel that will cost you dear!"

"This one, perhaps, eh?" asked Blake, in a bantering tone.

"Yes, this one, and if you'll take my advice you'll travel out of this about as fast as your legs can carry you."

"And supposing I don't choose to travel, what then?"

"What then?" cried McKerr, angrily, "why then I'll give your friends, if you have any, a first-class chance to provide a tip-top funeral for you."

"Ha! ha!" Blake laughed, merrily, for the idea struck him as being a comical one, "you'll provide a funeral for me, eh? I hope that you'll give me time to get ready."

"Come, be off with you; I am tired of talking!" McKerr commanded.

"Well, stop talking then and act a little."

"You fool! do you want me to murder you in cold blood?"

"You murder me? Oh, nonsense!" was Blake's cool rejoinder.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII. A FAIR PROPOSAL.

For a moment McKerr stared in amazement; to be thus defied by a man completely in his power and at his mercy was really wonderful.

"Why, you impudent scoundrel!" he cried, in a rage, "haven't you got eyes? Can't you see at a glance that I hold your life in the very hollow of my hand?"

"No, I can't see it, and I very much doubt that such is the case."

"Why I have you now 'covered' by my weapon—"

"And the hammer down," Blake interrupted, quickly, "while my revolvers are self-cockers and they only require a single pull to both raise the hammer and let loose the charge. Now calculate how many shots I can fire while you are cocking your pistol and see how much chance you have. Why, you big idiot! I could put three balls at least into you before you could cock your own pistol."

For the first time the merchant comprehended that he had mistaken the man, and that the stranger really held him at a terrible disadvantage.

"Now, then," Blake continued, "I propose to set in judge your friends. I don't know anything about the merits of this quarrel at all, and so I am well qualified to give a most impartial opinion. At present you've got this man foul, and, if I'm any judge of signs, you were going to send him either to heaven or to the other place, with a mighty short shrift, when I appeared upon the scene."

"He attempted my life!" cried McKerr, hastily, "and swore that he would kill me if I didn't sign a check for five thousand dollars!"

"Stranger, I call upon you to give me a fair show for my life!" McAlpine exclaimed, eager, like a drowning man, to clutch at any straw that promised hope.

"You shall have it, sir," Blake replied, with a courteous bow. "I give you my word for that. You shall find, all of you, that I'll make the most impartial and upright judge that ever heard a case in this hyar golden land."

"I am satisfied to abide by your decision!" the adventurer cried, quickly. "If after hearing the case you decide that I ought to meet death at the hands of this man, I will surrender my life, without a single appeal for mercy!"

"He talks fair enough!" declared Blake, addressing the merchant; "what have you to say in regard to the matter?"

"Why should I submit my quarrels to your judgment?" McKerr demanded, angrily. "This man and myself are bitter enemies; the fortune of war has given him into my hands; I have overpowered and bound him—his life is mine; why then should I give him another chance simply at your bidding?"

"Because you are two to one and that ain't fair play!" Blake responded. "If you were man to man, and you had overcome him in a fair fight, why then it would be a different matter; to slay a man in the heat of passion, with the red riot of rage hot in your brain, is one thing; but to kill a foe in cold blood and he unarmed, and bound and helpless at your feet, is quite another. A brave man will kill his enemy in a fair and open fight, but none but a cowardly cur will murder a man with cool deliberation, as you two were about to do when chance brought me upon the scene; but, we're going to have a fair trial now. Unless that man, the stranger, was addressed to the Mexican, and was in fact, an extremely significant motion with the revolver."

The cutthroat glanced at the speaker for a moment, his countenance dark with rage; then he looked at the merchant as if to ask his advice, but McKerr, astounded at the cool bravado of Blake



"Now hear my side of the story!" McAlpine interposed. "I did waylay and assault this man, exactly as he has stated; to explain the reason it will be necessary for me to relate quite a story."

"Go ahead, sir," Blake said, with a polite bow. "This river court has got lots of time at its disposal."

"To begin at the beginning: this man and I are old acquaintances, and have done much business together. He is Stuart McKerr, the merchant-banker of Buenaventura, and I am Stuart McAlpine, formerly master of the ship Santa Maria. This man employed me and my craft in smuggling operations, for which the law would gripe him smartly if I chose to play the informer; that is one reason why he wants me out of the way; as long as I live I am a standing menace to him. Lately he employed me on a peculiar mission. I was dispatched by him in my ship to San Francisco to bring a girl to Santa Barbara. This girl, by name Scott's daughter, was the heiress to old Michael Scott's hidden treasures secreted somewhere in these mountains. Possibly you have heard of old Michael Scott, the cattle-king."

Blake nodded: he was very much interested just now and still more astonished, for this story was like a revelation to him.

"There are two men who hungered for the treasure that the old cattle-king concealed—this man, Stuart McKerr, and the alcalde of Tejon Camp, Alexander Black. In the old time, McKerr was Scott's principal man in Buenaventura, as Black was in the mountain region. These two men, each searching for the treasure, naturally had little liking for each other, and so fearful was McKerr that Black would discover he had sent for the girl that I was instructed to land at Santa Barbara instead of Buenaventura, and McKerr, with a beacon-light, was to guide me in. During my absence these two men came together, and the result of their alliance was a plan for the destruction of the heiress and myself. The beacon-light was displayed so as to guide my craft straight on to a bar where a stranded wreck broke in the sides of a bay, and left us all to the mercies of the roaring waves. The girl, the ill-fated heiress, Barbara, was drowned, but, by a miracle almost, I escaped. About a month later, when I was on my way back to the mainland, I discovered that Stuart McKerr and the alcalde of Tejon Camp had been seen together, and so I soon jumped to the conclusion that the two had joined hands and sacrificed me, and I determined to be even with this man who had acted so treacherously, and that was the reason why I attacked him."

"See here, gentlemen!" cried Blake, suddenly. "I guess I'll have to resign my position of judge in this business, for I've a big interest in this hidden treasure myself."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 400.)

## Inez Gonzalez.

BY T. HAMILTON.

LIEUTENANT HARNEY lay idly smoking beneath the tall cactus at the very brow of a cliff that overhung the blue ocean.

Away to the west a long, dark line showed the glimmering horizon, showed where Cuba stretched its protecting arm about this smaller island, turning aside the fierce Gulf gales and the chilling winds of the northern ocean.

The bright sunlight fell shimmering through the waving leaves about the camp, of soft, soft dappled light, and the air was laden with the perfume of the flowers, and far down at the idler's feet the broad Atlantic rippled and smiled as a maiden in a dance.

The sea of blue seemed an earthly Paradise to the young officer after the many months of cruising through which he had just passed, and he forgot the great black bulk of the "Corsican" which lay moored in the roadstead at New Gerona, and enjoyed to its fullest extent his shore leave, only longer, in a half-dreamy way, for the presence of some dusky Cuban Eve with rich, ripe lips and melting eyes to sit at his side and complete the Oriental picture and his Eden fancy.

The day was fast spent and already Harney was beginning to think of renouncing his mule, which was grazing near, and returning to the port, when there came ringing through the still soft air a sound that electrified him, and sent the quick blood coursing swiftly in all his veins; it was the cry of a woman in distress.

Instinctively his hand sought the revolver within his bosom, but ere he could decide from which direction the cry came, the jar of rapidly-beating hoofs struck his ear, and an instant later there burst from the chaparral at New Gerona, and enjoyed to its fullest extent his shore leave, only longer, in a half-dreamy way, for the presence of some dusky Cuban Eve with rich, ripe lips and melting eyes to sit at his side and complete the Oriental picture and his Eden fancy.

As the horse sprung into the open space the lieutenant darted forward to seize him, but he might as well have thought to catch the west wind, for with a rush and in a moment the maddened animal plunged forward directly toward the edge of the cliff; another instant and all would be lost—horse and rider would plunge a thousand feet downward to death upon the cruel rocks below was enough. With an arm like steel and an eye that never failed, Harney leveled his weapon, and, even as the trembling brute was within twenty paces of the verge, fired!

There was a wild cry, so human-like that the officer's blood ran cold, then, rising high in the air the noble animal shivered, pawing wildly; a bright stream of blood poured from the region of his heart; he reeled, and then fell heavily to the earth, dead; throwing his fair rider some distance away upon the grass.

Hurrying forward Lieutenant fell upon his knees at her side and gently raised her head to his breast. Then, drop by drop, he poured a little brandy from his flask between the ashen lips, and chafed the cold white hands until a quivering sigh announced returning consciousness.

Slowly the heavy lids were raised, the long black lashes half-valled the deep eyes beneath, and with a startled expression the young girl scanned the face of her rescuer for an instant. Then a light smile crossed her features, the lips that had now regained their ruby hue parted, and with an eloquent gesture she spoke:

"I owe my life to you! Surely you must be a friend."

"Indeed, signorina, I shall consider myself the happiest of men if I may aspire to that title," replied the officer, with an answering smile. "I am Lieutenant Ned Harney, of the steamer Corsican, and in the enjoyment of my shore leave to-day I chanced to wander to this spot. It was the sweetest chance of all my life, signorina, since by it I was enabled to render you a service and to know you. But you are weak and faint. May I accompany you to your home? You can ride my mule by transferring your saddle to his back."

They both arose, Harney still supporting the lady, for she was still exhausted and nervous from her fall, and moved toward where the horse lay.

"Poor Don! Poor Don!" cried the girl as she knelt at his side and placed her hand upon his head. "Are you really dead? I love you, Don, and you were wild or you would never have run so with me! Ah, signor, and she raised her eyes filled with sparkling tears toward her companion. "Don was my horse, my very own, and I have ridden him for years. He never would have hurt me knowingly, but he was frightened, he was wild; and now he is dead!"

Harney thought that he had never seen a lovelier face than that which was raised to his, and he would have given his commission had those tears been shed for him; but he assisted the girl to rise and only said: "Signorina, forgive me; I had to kill him or he would have carried you over the precipice."

They loosed the saddle from Don and calling his mule, the lieutenant secured it upon his back and lifted his fair charge to her seat. As they turned their faces inland the young officer, with hand upon the bridle-rein, said: "And your name, signorina; may I know it?"

"Inez Gonzalez," replied the girl.

And so, chatting pleasantly, they left the broad plateau which skirted the coast and entered a rugged range of hills, passing which they at last emerged upon high, rolling land, which sloped gently to the far-away port, and about which were scattered here and there beautiful residences, nestled among orange-groves and flanked by great fields of growing cotton and tobacco.

An hour passed. As they slowly advanced their conversation became low and lower until at last only the passionate tropical wind-whirl heard the half-whispered words that passed between them, while the winding path seemed all too straight and the distance all too short to both Harney and his companion; and oftentimes the sleepy mule would nibble at the roadside until of his own free will he chose to move on again.

At length, however, they reached a little rise of ground from which could be plainly seen all the country below them.

Halt! At this point for a moment, Inez called the lieutenant's attention to a mansion, not far distant, and said, "There, signor, is my house. You will come with me to my lover's home, my father the thanks which I cannot give."

"And if I do," replied the lieutenant, "do you think that all the words in the world can repay me as one glance of your eyes, signorina?" The girl blushed deeply and her bosom heaved fast.

"The signor still flatters me. He cannot mean all that he says. I am but a simple Cuban, and you are an American officer, who has seen the world."

"True, signorina; but all the world hides itself before you, and I forget, while by your side, that another woman lives! You have said that I might be your friend," continued Harney, pressing the little hand which he held in his; "may I not hope to become more, your lover, your husband? Inez, darling! I love you! I loved you from the instant you came before my sight, pale and disheveled, clinging to that maddened horse; I loved you when I held your head against my bosom; I love you now, and forever! Tell me, may I not hope? Do you care for me, love me? Will you be mine? Speak, I pray you, my darling, my life!"

As he poured forth the burning, passionate words, the young officer threw his arm about the girl and gazed into her face with eyes glowing with love, awaiting her answer.

No reply came in words; but, slowly yielding, Inez bent her superb form toward him, dropped her quivering head until the raven tresses swept the lieutenant's cheek, until her eyes, winking yet tender, met his, and their lips touched in one long, clinging kiss.

But, even as heaven seemed opening above them, a shiver ran through Inez; she suddenly released herself from her lover's embrace, and, with a sharp cry, clasped both hands over her face.

"Oh, my God! what have I done! It cannot be, it cannot be! Leave me; if you love me, leave me!"

Harney trembled.

"What do you mean? My precious one, my pearl, what do you mean? I will never leave you, for you love me! You are mine!" and again he would have clasped her in his arms had she not prevented him.

At that instant, and before either could speak, the sharp ring of boots announced the approach of another horseman, and looming through the now-gathering darkness the lieutenant saw the form of a man riding rapidly toward them.

"Halt!" whispered Inez; "no another word! That is my cousin, that is the man to whom I am pledged by my father. I love you, but that is why it cannot be!"

The young officer's brain reeled, and for an instant his hand rested upon his revolver and murder was in his heart; then he whispered in return:

"It shall be, nevertheless—meet me at midnight in your father's garden!"

Before Inez could reply the horseman was close upon them.

"Ah, sweet cousin! Found at last!" said a rich voice, in Spanish; "what is this—mounted on a mule? Where is Don and who is this signor?" and at the question the stranger bowed toward Harney.

"Bernardo, this is Lieutenant Harney. He saved my life and you must thank him. Don is dead."

When the astonished Spaniard had ridden forward and presented his thanks to the young officer, who received them coolly enough, Inez told the story of her adventure—her terrible fall, and her rescue by the stranger. At the close, Bernardo Gonzalez again bestowed profuse thanks upon Harney, insisting that he remain at the mansion house until morning, the guest of his uncle, the father of Inez, and give them all an opportunity to more fully express the debt of obligation which they felt.

They were now in fact at the gate of the winding avenue which led to the broad piazza, and the Spaniard was most importunate and undeniable in his entreaties. But the lieutenant refused, courteously, but positively, and, with characteristic stubbornness, would not be moved even by Inez to change his decision; so that at last Bernardo was forced to allow him to depart, remounting upon his mule.

As he turned away, he waved an "adio" to both and shot one glance at Inez which spoke volumes and brought the rich blood surging to her neck and cheeks. Then, with a clatter of hoofs, he was gone.

At day-dawn the Corsican was to sail. Harney knew this and he knew, too, that if he would win his Cuban wife she must be on board at that hour and sail with him.

It was not to wait a more opportune moment. It must be to-night or never! He might never see New Gerona again.

Reaching the port the officer at once secured a boat and was rowed to the cruiser.

There he found the captain and asked permission that a friend might accompany him to New York.

"My friend will occupy my state-room, captain, and will make no trouble aboard; and it will be a great pleasure to us to travel together if you will permit it."

"Of course, Lieutenant; of course, sir," replied hearty Captain Shepard. "My officer's pleasure and my own shall never run counter in so small a matter. Only have your friend on board in time, for we sail at sun-up, sure."

"Without fail, sir," replied Harney, laughing to himself at his joke upon the captain, and saluting, he left the ship and returned to the shore. Here he made arrangements for a small light boat with two oarsmen to be stationed near the quay ready to meet him at a given signal and convey him to the Corsican when he should return. Then he renewed the cartridges in his revolver, threw a heavy cloak across his shoulders that entirely concealed his uniform and set out for the plantation of Signor Gonzalez.

The solemn notes of the midnight bell from the Chapel de San Salvador floated slowly over the roadstead, port and broad plateau until halfway up the gentle slope above the town they came in tremulous murmurs to the ear of a silent watcher, crouching within a clump of flowering magnolias in the corner of a magnificent garden. He shook himself and softly arose.

"If she comes at all she will meet me now," he whispered; "I will go toward yonder arbor and wait."

With cat-like tread and bated breath, with watchful eye and ear alert to the slightest sound, Lieutenant Harney moved toward a vine-covered summer-house that stood not far away.

He had reached it and was already drawing aside the leafy curtain so that he might enter, when something startled him, and like a shadow he dropped to the ground and waited, listening.

There came the gleam of a light dress glittering between the trees, the crunch upon the gravel of a heavy boot, and then two figures stood in the arbor before him.

A woman's voice sounded through the night. It was Inez.

"You may go, Miguel. I am cooler here and will rest awhile. It is perfectly safe in the garden and I am not afraid. Return to your quarters."

The man bowed low and retired just without the summer-house. After a moment the girl spoke again.

"You need not wait for me, Miguel; I will return to the house alone. I said that you might go to your quarters."

"Yes, signorina; but Signor Bernardo gave me particular orders not to lose sight of you until you went to your room again. So I do not dare go to my quarters."

The distance to her foot angrily.

"Then you will obey Bernardo rather than me?" she cried.

"I must, signorina, or run the risk of punishment," replied the man.

"You shall surely be punished, and that severely, too, unless you do as I order you," said Inez. "Go to your quarters, slave, and leave me here alone!"

There came no reply, but the servant Miguel remained motionless, by his actions refusing obedience.

"You choose to disobey me!" cried the girl, in passionate tones. "It is well. But at least since you will not go, I may leave you. Stand aside and let me pass!" and she turned to go from the arbor.

But the man made no movement. He only raised his hand deprecatingly and said:

"Even this signorina, I dare not do except I follow you. Such are my orders."

For an instant Inez was speechless; then darting past the sentinel she cried:

"I will go where I will! And I command you not to follow!" and with the words she sped rapidly toward the garden path toward the rear of the grounds.

But more rapidly followed the slave, and ere twenty paces were completed, his hand was upon her shoulder, his arm about her waist, and another instant would have made her his captive, when he was arrested by a sudden cry, an intense voice hissed "Dog!" and a stinging blow from the butt of Harney's revolver stretched the man senseless upon the ground, while, with a single glad sob of relief, Inez fell fainting into her lover's arms.

And now, as the moonlight shone down, where lay the lieutenant's boat, was fully half a Spanish league, yet, within thirty minutes, the two stood at the head of the broad street that ran to the water's edge, and not far before them, the moonbeams shivered and broke upon the dimpling waves of the roadstead. They were safe!

Up to this time hardly a word had passed between the lovers, for both knew too well the need of haste to lose breath in conversation. Now, however, as the world seemed open before them—a beautiful world, filled with love—Harney turned and clasped his sweet mistress close to his heart, pressed kisses after kisses upon her lips, and poured words of softest sound into her willing ears. And the voluptuous lips returned the kisses, each for each; the beautiful mouth spoke answering words of endearment, while round, white arms embraced the lover's neck, and a profound peace reigned in his bosom.

Suddenly, the young officer ceased this dalliance and turned his face backward, with a quick and watchful motion. What sound was that? Ringing hoarsely through the still night and echoing from the distant hills there came a far-off, dark shadow across at his feet, and in the next moment drawing nearer and nearer; it was the voices of Cuban bloodhounds! Their flight had been discovered and they were pursued!

Harney caught his companion in his arms and ran swiftly down the gentle incline toward the sea. The distance was short and the burden light, yet, ere he stood upon the stones of the quay the blood-chilling notes of the trailers' fierce cry rung out from the very spot where but now he had stood, and a few brief moments only separated his darling and himself from the danger! He trembled as the thought came to him—what if!

He whistled sharply; then listened, gazing out upon the waters of the bay.

There was no answering sound nor rattle of oar in rowlock; only the low lapping of the little waves against the shore.

Again his clear note rung out, and still no answer, and yet a third time, while his face grew white and his muscles rigid as he strained his ears to catch the returning signal. But it came not—the boat was not there!

He started, and ere he came the howling, baying hounds, beyond and behind them Harney could hear the shouts of men and the tramp of horses—they were caught!

An ocean before, devils, brute and human behind, and no friend at hand! It was a horrible, deadly moment.

For an instant the young man's brain reeled; then pressing the form of his loved one to his heart, he murmured, "Inez, sweetheart, will you live with me or die with me?" and the girl nestled closer to him, and whispered, "With you, my king, be it life or death!"

"Hold fast," said Harney, "there is one more chance; and turning, he sprang far out into the waters of the roadstead before him."

Nor any too soon, for hardly had he risen to the surface after his first plunge than, glancing backward as he swam, he saw two red-tailed boats panting and snarling upon the outermost stone of the quay, while close behind them rode half a dozen men with gleaming weapons.

"Come back! come back! or we will shoot! Come back, or by Santa Maria, the dogs shall tear you limb from limb in the water!"

Inez, who had clung to her lover's shoulder, yet more pale as she clung to her lover's shoulder; but she made no sign, and Harney swam silently on.

Again the warning cry, and then a moment later the whip-like crack of a carbine and the ship of a ball as it sped along the water at their side.

Inez shuddered, and a low cry escaped her.

"Do not speak, my darling," the lieutenant gasped. "They cannot see us now, and may shoot until daybreak without hitting the mark. Do not speak."

And so it proved. For although the band up

on the pier felt some score of times in the direction of Harney and his stolen bride, no bullet touched them, and the only end gained was to arouse the watch upon the distant Corsican, who gazed wonderingly into the night, speculating upon the cause of the trouble ashore.

At last the shots ceased. The officer was now nearly half-way to his ship, and, although swimming with a double load, he felt sure that he could reach his friends, and his heart was growing lighter, when suddenly, not a dozen feet away, he saw moving through the moonlight water, the dorsal fin of a shark!

His arms stiffened, his blood ran cold, his very eyes started from their sockets. Great God! To die thus after all!

But life was sweet, and doubly so with Inez, and the young man's courage returned. Silently he moved onward, watching his deadly enemy, and a prepared to do battle as best he might, when the moment of attack came.

With some trouble, and without apprising his companion of their new danger, he succeeded in drawing from his pocket and opening, a heavy dirk knife which he carried. Then he placed it between his teeth. He had seen East Indians kill sharks for sport, he would try it now in terrible earnest.

And still he swam on. So far in truth, and so near at last to the Corsican whose black hull loomed sharply against the gray sky before him, the man-eater never approaching but always a little in advance that he began to hope he should escape him altogether and he had already gathered his breath to hail the ship when he felt Inez's grasp tighten upon his shoulder, and in a thrilling whisper she said: "Oh! my darling, look behind! The bloodhounds are after us!"

He turned, attempted to answer her, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. The grime of grim death was tightening about his head, and he could not breathe. It was only left for them to die!

With the bravery of despair he turned sharply about. Not twenty rods away and rapidly approaching, loomed two black heads. As he faced the dogs, they separated, one swimming toward him upon either hand, and with gurgling growls of fierce satisfaction prepared to hurl themselves upon him.

With the single word "courage!" to his faithful harney, long drawn and piercing! He grasped his knife with a hand of steel, and as the foremost animal with wide-open jaws and gleaming fangs surged down upon him, he threw himself quickly to one side and plunged the heavy blade to the hilt in its neck.

There was a yell, a mingled rage and pain and the bright blood dyed the water about them. Then turning, the half-crazed bound again sprung upon him, again the deadly knife did its work, and again the fierce yell rung out, a death-cry this time, and quickly followed by a shriek from Inez, long drawn and piercing!

With a groan Harney turned. The other dog had attacked the girl and already torn a great piece from her dress, which now hung from his mouth, as with blazing eyes he swam rapidly toward her again.

The instant so near that Harney could not strike in time; for the instant he was powerless, and overcome with horror he closed his eyes. But even as Inez' long shriek rung out, a wilder and more terrible cry echoed across the bay; a something white flashed beneath them, the water boiled for an instant, there was a sudden rush and turmoil, and then the sound was gone!

And nothing remained but a few little blood-bubbles that slowly rose to the surface and broke. The shark had saved them!

Half an hour later Lieutenant Harney and Inez Gonzalez were made man and wife by the chaplain of the Corsican; and Captain Shepard, when he had heard the story of the night, said to the beautiful, blushing bride as he took her hand, "Signorina, for such a wife as you, I myself would marry!"

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## THE ONLY WAY.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

My dear Miss Arabella Way,  
To love you I'm inclined,  
For you're the Way I long have sought—  
Which I am glad to find.  
The way of life is lone  
Without a single to believe  
And I must beg you to believe  
I've seen a Way-farer.

To many ways my footsteps led  
Where gleamed no kindly ray,  
But now my feet are turned to you  
Who are my only Way.

My hopes which have been wrapt in night  
By you have been turned day-ward;  
Forgive me if those hopes to-day  
Are rather turning Way-ward.

I find you all that I could wish;  
It pleases me to say  
My love is not a hasty love—  
I love you dear al-Way.

With no one in my life to cheer,  
Indeed it is a lone way;  
Your own way you can have through life  
If I can have my own Way.

I used to think I would be blessed  
And happy every day  
If I could only reach out hands  
And gladly give al-Way.

Your smile through all the ills that come  
I know would make me safer,  
And I would single to you through all,  
Like any other Way-fer.

My fortune at your darling feet  
I very gladly lay;  
Your father's rich; where there's a will  
I know there is a Way.

The grace and beauty of your charms  
I'd not be overrating,  
And your sweet answer to be mine  
Quite patiently I Way-ding.

With your consent the question I  
Before your will I lay,  
And very fondly do I hope  
That he'll give me a-Way.

The right of Way and bliss  
I long for in a great way;  
I'll go and see your pa, my love,  
And I shall go there straight-Way.

## Walt. Ferguson's Cruise.

## A Tale of the Antarctic Sea.

BY C. D. CLARK.

AUTHOR OF "FLYAWAY AFLOAT," "THE DIAMOND HUNTERS," "TENTING IN THE NORTH WOODS," ETC., ETC.

## VI.

PARTING WITH MINNIE, THE FIRST 'BERG—A CLOSE SHAVE.

THERE was a fixed look in the eyes of the captain of the barque as he saw the boats recede, bearing the ones he loved best on earth, and then his eyes turned for a moment upon the main form of the boy.

"I'll say one thing for you, my lad," he cried; "you have the making of a man, and a sailor in you, and if I live I'll remember what you have done for me this night."

"That's all right," returned Walt, shifting his position uneasily on the rail, "but it seems to me this is a mighty hot place to be in. What are you looking at?"

"Spermin oil,"

"Splendid stuff to make a fire of when the fire is not too close to the chimney. I'll have to jump overboard if this keeps getting hotter. I like a good fire, but this is too much of a good thing."

They crawled out as far as they could on the davits, looking up from time to time at the swaying masts. The foremost fell; the main went over the side; the flames were rapidly eating into the mizen, and they knew by its uneasy motion that the fire in the hold was eating away the stepping of the mast. Walt kept looking at it intently.

"I don't know how you feel in regard to the matter," said the boy, "but I am of the opinion that, when that mast falls, it is going to clean us off the rail as neat as you please. Be ready for a dive. Yahl! There it comes!"

The mast began to bend toward them in an ominous manner, and thinking discretion the better part of valor, Walt plunged head-first into the sea. He was quickly followed by the captain, not a minute too soon, for the mast came crashing down upon the stern of the ship in such a way that both of them must have been killed had they remained upon the davits. Walt swam under water for quite a little distance before he rose, and when he did so he saw the captain not far away, in the act of sinking. He had risen too soon and been struck by one of the falling fragments of the mast. Making a desperate effort, Walt reached him just in time to support him as he was about to sink.

"Steady, Cap!" he said. "Brace up, and be somebody; you are all right."

Disengaging one hand, he caught a floating spar near by and drew it toward him. A moment more, and he had passed under the arms of the captain, so that he could cling to it. Pushing the spar before him he gained the floating mainmast, and drawing the two together lashed them tightly at the cross-trees. This done, he sprang out of the water, and by a mighty effort drew the captain out and laid him on the spars. Scarcely had he done so, when gliding through the water close at hand, he saw the dorsal fin of a giant shark.

"That was touch and go," he muttered. "If that old bird had been a little more lively he would have made it hot for us, I'm thinking. Hurrah; here comes a boat!"

As he spoke one of the whale-boats dashed up; the two were assisted to enter; it was quickly turned to the ship; and in half an hour the stanch vessel was headed away on her course, leaving the baying blazing away on the bosom of the ocean. The captain was carried into the cabin where his wife and daughter received him eagerly, and by their united efforts succeeded in bringing him back to life, although he had received a severe concussion of the scalp. When he was sufficiently recovered, Captain Stone came down.

"We'll be likely to meet some homeward-bound ships off the Falkland," he stated. "Most likely you'd like to get home as soon as possible."

"It is little I care for that," was the reply, "if I could send my wife and daughter home, I'll tell you what it is, Cap; if you will give me a fair share of the profits I'll show you where you can fill up with seal in six weeks. What do you say?"

"That I will give any man ten per cent. of the profits who will do that trick for me."

"I'm the man, then," said the captain of the Ellen Floyd, and Harry Floyd never told a lie yet. I know the home of the seal."

"The home of the seal?" cried Captain Stone. "Why, man, if you could do what you say I'd take your whole crew with me to make quick work."

"You don't want them all. I've got three or four devils that I'd be a curse to any ship, and I'll point out who you'd better take and who it would be best to leave at the Falklands. But, look at that barometer, captain; there is a storm brewing."

The captain excused himself and hurried on deck, where he found that Jack, not liking the look of the sky, already had shortened foresail, storm-jib, stay-sail and courses. Scarcely had the foot of Captain Stone touched the deck when the storm came roaring down upon them, making everything howl. There was nothing for it, as they had plenty of sea-room, but to lay her before the wind and scud. For two days and nights they flew on before the mighty gale, and when at last the sea went down they had left the Falklands far astern, and it would have been a great loss of time to have turned back.

"I've got to take them now, devils and all," said Captain Stone. "I don't see how we are to get rid of the ladies, either."

"I'd like to have them go home," declared Captain Harry, uneasily. "I would, indeed."

"I don't see how it can be done."

"Nor I, for that matter. But to take them down among the icebergs seems hard, after going 'round the Horn and heading for home. Cuss that lubber who dropped a lantern in the hold of the Ellen Floyd."

"Sail on the lee bow!" shouted Zip Marlin, from the to'gallant forecastle. "An Australian liner, I think."

"Just the thing!" exclaimed Captain Harry. "We can send the women on board and the liner will leave them at Rio, where they will be sure of a passage home."

"Keep her up to hail the liner!" shouted Captain Stone. "Your ladies had better get ready; I suppose they haven't got any money."

"Plenty; trust a woman to carry a large sum of money safely. I'm not at all afraid but Ellen will take good care of it, and I'm going to leave it with her."

An hour later the boat was lowered and the two women left the ship, much to the disgust of Walt, who had taken a violent boyish fancy to the pretty girl. Captain Harry went with them and made a bargain with the English captain to land them at Rio and see that they had a passage home on board some American ship. There were some tears shed, of course, and the last one to shake hands with Minnie was Walt.

"Remember that I am coming home to marry you, one of these days," he said, laughing. "I hope you won't forget and go and get spliced to some other fellow."

"I shall never forget you, Walter," she said, softly, as she sprung into the boat. "Be careful of yourself, and come home as soon as you can."

Many the weary weeks of peril that must pass before these two would meet again! Amid the waving of handkerchiefs and the hearty cheers of the crew of the liner, the boat sped back to the ship, where they were quickly hoisted aboard, and the Sea Lion stood on the Southern coast.

That night, in the middle watch, Walt saw his first iceberg. A great, white, glittering castle went majestically by, moving quite rapidly against the wind. Walter stood awestruck, watching the giant tower as it passed.

"I can't make out what it means by going against the wind in that way," he said, looking at Zip.

"That's the undercurrents, my boy. Don't you see there's three times as much of that air 'berg under water as there is above it, and the currents in the sea can't be numbered. Keep her away a little, you at the wheel; think that thing is going to turn turtle."

The Sea Lion rapidly receded from the dangerous vicinity of the 'berg not a moment too soon, for the head of the 'berg suddenly bowed toward them and a sunken iceberg, as it were, there arose the base, rearing itself high in the air, and dropping the spray from a hundred glittering points, on every tower which had been eaten out by the action of the water. A beautiful creation it was—shaded from pure white at the top to dark green at the base, and the boy stood there he felt a hand fall upon his shoulder, and turning, saw the eyes of Jack Maxwell peering into his with a strange look.

"You have made up your mind against me, I suppose, youngster," he said.

"I haven't said so, Mr. Maxwell," was the cautious reply.

"Don't say that you have not, either. That's right, my boy; play your game close. Now, what reason have I to be against you?"

"I don't know of anything, except because I saved your life."

The hand of the mate dropped from the shoulder of the lad, for he saw that he was not trusted.

"You don't believe there is any good in me, I see, and I see it at that, if you don't. But I tell you, my lad, there's been many a man and many a time when I've been half mad as I thought—But let it go; I won't say another word to you about it."

He turned away with an angry scowl upon his face, when he heard a wild cry from the lips of the boy:

"Starboard your helm, Zip; for God's sake, hard!"

Zip heard the ringing cry and knew that the boy would not give any such alarm unless the danger was real. There was a roar, and the Sea Lion, quick to mind her helm, went off on the other tack. And as she did so there rose under the stern, hurled up from the awful depths by the undercurrent which had so long held it chained in its fierce grasp, the crest of a mighty iceberg. There was a harsh, grating, awful sound along the keel, and the stern of the ship was lifted, but the wind carried her onward even as the giant rose slowly, and they escaped only by the "skin of their teeth."

And all knew that but for the keen eyes of the boy, the Sea Lion would have been lifted bodily into the air, to be hurled down, dismembered and shattered, upon the surface of the dark water below. A shudder passed through every man in the watch as they saw the gigantic iceberg towering up from the stern, and knew how narrow had been their escape.

## The Jumper;

## OR, IMPROMPTU SLEIGH-RIDES IN THE WEST.

BY EDWARD WILLET.

"Hi, Bob! here's a splendid fall of snow!"

This was the exclamation with which Ben Bullitt greeted his friend Bob Braithwaite, who had come down into Kentucky for a winter visit.

Ben had jumped out of his bed, and this exclamation broke from his lips as he looked out the window. There was a harsh, grating, awful sound along the keel, and the stern of the ship was lifted, but the wind carried her onward even as the giant rose slowly, and they escaped only by the "skin of their teeth."

And all knew that but for the keen eyes of the boy, the Sea Lion would have been lifted bodily into the air, to be hurled down, dismembered and shattered, upon the surface of the dark water below. A shudder passed through every man in the watch as they saw the gigantic iceberg towering up from the stern, and knew how narrow had been their escape.

"That's no snow to speak of," he said. "You ought to see the snow in the North, where the fall is sometimes as high as the fence-tops."

"But this ain't the North," replied Ben. "It is very seldom that we have so much snow on the ground, and when we get it, we make the most of it."

As a matter of fact, both the boys were right. The snow was not much to speak of, lying not more than half a foot deep on the ground; but it was emphatically a "big thing" in Southern Kentucky, where even that depth of snow was a rarity, and as such was duly appreciated.

"How do you make the most of it?" asked Bob, as the boys began to hurry on their clothes.

"Sometimes we hunt rabbits, and sometimes we go sleigh-riding."

"Vote for the rabbit-hunting, this time."

"That is all very well for you," replied Bob, "as you have plenty of rabbits at home; but we don't get so much of it down here, and I am afraid that the girls will outvote you."

So it proved. When the boys got down stairs, they found breakfast ready, and the girls—Ben's sister Sue, and his cousin, Ettie Armstrong—were excited on the subject of the snow, and they at once assailed Ben with an energy that put rabbit-hunting out of the question.

It was more than Ben Bullitt could do to resist the earnest entreaties of his favorite sister, backed by the quieter urging of his pretty cousin, and it may be doubted whether he was strongly desirous of resisting them. Of course he liked to be coaxed.

"Well, girls, you shall have your sleigh-rides," he said, although Bob has expressed a preference for rabbit-hunting.

"Bob will of course give up to us," said big-eyed Sue, and of course Bob was glad enough to do so.

"But I don't understand it," he said. "I thought I had made the acquaintance of every-thing on the place; yet I have never seen anything in the shape of a sleigh. Where is your sleigh?"

"In the woods," briefly answered Ben. "In the woods! Who ever heard of keeping a sleigh in the woods? Why do you leave it there?"

"Because it grew there. We will go and get it as soon as we finish breakfast. The truth is, Bob, that we don't keep a sleigh, nor does anybody in this neck of woods; so I've got to make a jumper."

"What is a jumper?"

"You shall see before long, and you shall help to build it, too. Hurry with your breakfast, Bob, for there is no time to lose," said Ben, as he hurriedly left the table.

When Braithwaite went out on the back porch, he found his friend whetting his ax and working a saw.

"Come on!" said Ben, "if you don't want to hear the girls grumble for a solid week," and he strode off toward the woods, carrying his ax in the hollow of his arm, and followed by Bob, who could not easily keep up with him.

Ben Bullitt was seedling young hickories, and he knew just where to look for them. Having found a grove of them, he cut two saplings, about three inches at the butt, and gave one to Braithwaite, while he carried the other to the house. The saplings were speedily peeled and dressed, being made smooth with the drawing-knife on the under side, and flattened on the upper side. Three holes were put through them with an inch-and-a-half auger. Then two slats were "rived" out of green rail timber, slightly dressed, and provided with auger-holes to match those in the saplings, and one additional hole in the end of each slat.

A dozen square pieces of oak were "rived" out of a white-oak butt that was at hand for making jumpers, and were fitted to the holes in the saplings and the slats. Two of them were left at their full length, four feet, to serve as a support for the back of the seat; two others were sawed off a little shorter, to hold a dash-board, and the third pair were sawed off at the slat and wedged into it and the sapling. Then the small end of each sapling was drawn up through the hole in the end of each slat, and cut off and wedged there.

Then it was that Bob Braithwaite began to get an insight into the business of making jumpers. The saplings were the runners; the slats were the rails, and the uprights had their evident part to play in the programme. It only remained to put the machine firmly together and provide the seat.

This was done by nailing two lengths of board across the slats at the middle of the machine, one against the front uprights for a dashboard, three against the high uprights for the back of the seat, and one across the slats at the rear of the seat—"for the footman," as Bob remarked, but in reality to give a little more strength to the runners.

"Now it begins to look something like a jumper," said Ben, as he surveyed the work, with approval.

"Should think it would pull apart," remarked Bob.

"Wait; I had forgotten the front cross-piece. Ought to have made it fast to the ends of the runners before I cut them off. I must do the next best thing."

He procured a pair of buggy shafts, and lashed them firmly to the runners and the slats, making a seat by nailing one board upon another like a step. He completed the job by extending an oak slab from the top of the high upright on one side to the bottom of that on the other, and vice versa, nailing them there.

"I don't believe in nailing them there. A true woodsman puts his trust in wooden pins and wedges; but we are in a hurry. Here is your jumper."

"It still looks to me as if it might pull apart," said Braithwaite.

"I don't think so, but the chances are that it will hold together as long as we want to use it. That's the way we build 'em."

"I believe I can improve the pattern," said Bob.

Being requested to try, he took a stout plow-line, fastened it to one of the front uprights, just under the rail, carried it to the next rear upright on the other side, made it fast there, took the line around and similarly connected the other two uprights, and finished the work by binding the diagonals where they crossed with a length of strong cord.

"You Yankees are cute," said Ben Bullitt.

"We folks have been making jumpers for years, and never thought of that simple trick."

The jumper was complete. Time, according to Braithwaite's watch—including the search for the saplings—one hour and forty-two minutes. Ben declared that if they had the job to do again they would knock off the forty-two minutes.

The girls, who had been eagerly watching the workmen, were ready with quilts and buffalo-robe, and Ben, when he had harnessed his fast mare, Fan, and had put her between the shafts, said he must first take Braithwaite a turn, "just to see if the contraption was safe."

Fan started off with the jumper at a splendid pace, and both boys were satisfied with the running and staying qualities of the machine. Time soon returned, and Bob was willing to give up his place. That sort of sleighing was very well for Kentucky, he said, but was no treat for a fellow from the North.

Ben Bullitt then took out his cousin Ettie, and it was dinner-time when he brought her back. Sue was obliged to wait for her ride until that important meal was over, but could not be induced to delay her enjoyment a moment longer.

"I met Sam Staggs when I was out this morning, Sue," said Ben as he handed her into the jumper. "He was driving out Mollie Hester behind his fast nag, and he dared me to come down on the turnpike and have a race. I told him I would be there by two o'clock. Are you afraid?"

"I am only afraid that Fan might be beat," replied Sue.

"If that is all, I will give Fan a chance to do her best."

On the turnpike, just inside the first toll-gate beyond the crossing where the found Sam Staggs waiting for them. His fine gray horse was attached to a jumper, in which were Mollie Hester with his owner, all ready and eager for a race.

From here to Caldwell's place and back for a good pair of boots," said Ben Bullitt, as he reined up.

"All right," replied Staggs. "Give the word."

"Go!" exclaimed Ben, and both horses started off, as if they meant to do their very best. For a little while was heard a rapid crack of the horses' hoofs, the occasional crack of a whip, or the encouraging voice of one of the young drivers. The turnpike was straight and level, the snow was hardly half beaten down, and there was no other vehicle in sight. Both horses went like the wind, in a whirl of snow and flying lumps; but the gray gradually drew ahead, in spite of the best efforts of Ben and Fan.

"I will overhaul him at the turn," said Ben.

"How so?" asked Sue.

"Don't you see his jumper has no shafts?"

This was true. Staggs was obliged to get out of his jumper and lift it around when he reached the Caldwell place, and this gave Fan the start on the turn. But the gray was rapidly overhauling her, when there was a crash, followed by a scream. The runners of Staggs' jumper had spread apart, letting the box drop on the road, and Mollie had fallen backward while Sam was pulled forward. Ben Bullitt gave the girl a seat in his jumper, and took her horse, and Staggs followed on horseback.

The next day there was a sudden thaw, and the snow disappeared as swiftly and silently as it had come.

A NUMBER of women of Oshkosh, Wis., have formed a society to study the best methods of disciplining children. A sort of a ladies' mite society, as the church folk call it.

## Europe Seen through American Eyes.

## Paris by Night.

EXCURSION ON THE SEINE—ITS BRIDGES AND QUAYS—COURT OF PALAIS ROYAL—THE CHAMPS ELYSEES—EVENING AMUSEMENTS—THE PARISIAN FLOWER-GIRL—BOULEVARD LIFE—CAFÉ CUSTOMS OF THE FRENCH.

PARIS, with its attractive features of gardens, fountains, and statuary, boulevards, *cafés*, and open-air concerts, presents a brilliant and animated spectacle in the evening. Night offers a favorable opportunity to observe social phases of Parisian life, when the citizens of this gay metropolis turn out *en masse* at these popular places of resort. Gaslight adds a peculiar charm to the scene, flooding the streets and promenades with a splendor unequalled in any other European city. Enchantment rests on its gardens; a sweet musical rhythm is emitted from its fountains and cascades, showering forth gossamer veils of spray and fantastic jets to dance and glitter in the flood of artificial light. Arbors and summer-houses, embowered beneath vines and flowers, and encircled with variegated lights, impart a strange fascination to the scene, delighting and entrancing the stranger.

An evening excursion on the Seine, so rich in historical reminiscence, should not be overlooked by the stranger. This river traverses the central portion of Paris, and is spanned by twenty-five bridges within its limits. Parisians of suicidal intent usually select the Seine to carry out their design, the number of bodies taken therefrom and placed in the Morgue, shadowing this stream, forming a sad comment on the city. On the banks of this river are noticed the ruins of the Hotel de Ville, destroyed by the Communists in '71; the Palais de Justice, now undergoing repairs from damages sustained in those revolutionary days, its foundations dating back to the Roman period; Notre Dame Church, the oldest in Paris; and on an arm of the Seine towers the column of July, surmounted by the figure of Liberty, marking the spot where stood the Bastille.

Taking one of the various steamers at Pont d'Iena, adjoining the Exposition Building, and disembarking at Pont Sully, within a short walk of the Bastille, a most satisfactory view of interior Paris is secured. This trip gives the visitor an opportunity also to see fifteen bridges, the pride of Paris, considered as models of architectural structure and engineering skill. Pont Neuf, one of the oldest, communicates with the little island Cite, marking at one time the bounds of Paris. Many of these bridges, adorned with statues and other ornaments, show a span of two hundred and fifty feet and upward, and varying in length from five to seven hundred feet. At night these present a brilliant appearance, resembling in the distance palaces suspended in mid-air.

An additional attraction of the Seine are the quays, skirting either bank for five or six miles, and forming two continuous roads. Some of these date back over five hundred years, forming embankments comparing favorably with the Thames, and lighted with lamps at intervals of twenty-five or thirty feet. Taking an outside seat on one of the stages in waiting at the Bastille, the stranger can catch glimpses of the boulevard life during the forty minutes' ride to the Madeleine, the terminus of this evening's trip.

Another night may be absorbed in a stroll through Palais Royal, and the Champs Elysees, looking in at the *cafés* where the social character of the Frenchman are most manifest. Leaving at half-past eight the brilliantly-lighted court of the Hotel de Louvre, a moment's walk places us within the garden of the Palais Royal. This popular place of resort for strangers and Parisians alike, is rectangular in shape, adorned with shade-trees, and laid out in flower-gardens, separated by a fountain. Chairs are arranged upon the gravel walk, which are let out to pedestrians on payment of a sou, equivalent to less than an American cent. Ranged around this court, nearly a thousand feet in length, and about four hundred in width, are to be found some of the most elegant stores in Paris. A glance at the magnificent show-windows, dressed in articles of taste and luxury, reveals a French characteristic in this respect, unequalled by any other nationality. The stranger becomes bewildered at the vast exhibit of jewelry, diamonds and rare stones sparkling with resplendent brilliancy under the gaslight. Cuff-buttons may be procured here with devices of insects, birds or beasts, and innumerable other designs both grave and ludicrous, varying in price from a franc upward.

A profusion of fabrics, adapted to meet the requirements of feminine tastes, are particularly noticeable, comprising silks and satins in lavender, lemon, pink, blue and green shades; Valenciennes, Honiton, Spanish and other laces; Elizabethanuffs and embroideries; a world of brilliant colors in ribbons and trimmings; evening kid gloves of the most delicate shades; jaunty hats and dainty high-heeled Parisian gaiters; saques, and dresses with immense trains, trimmed in silver and gold threads; fans of every conceivable pattern, bound in Brussels lace with figures of nymphs, Alpine and other scenes artistically painted thereon; and a variety of articles in addition, in which ladies are especially interested.

Here may also be seen bronze goods of exquisite design, and mirrors of every form and size, reflecting the spectator either in gigantic proportions, or hideous contortions. These goods are displayed to best advantage in the evening when the garden and arcades are brilliantly illuminated, and filled with people moving in every direction. At the doors, outside, are show-cases containing articles of taste artistically arranged, tending to attract and fascinate the customer within; here a loquacious Frenchwoman usually succeeds, with bewitching smiles, and gesticulating manner, in effecting a sale. Directly above these stores, and overlooking the beauties of this garden, are restaurants, which have become famous throughout Paris, and universally visited by strangers. Here a good dinner may be procured for three francs, including soup, fish, joints, *entrées*, dessert and a bottle of wine, with attendance, usually half a franc.

Pursuing our stroll to Rue de Rivoli, the public gardens of the Tuileries are soon reached, where gratuitous concerts are given during the summer in the evening. This delightful resort, adorned with flower-beds and rows of shade-trees, connecting the terraces by flights of steps and undulating paths, is alive with pedestrians at this hour. At the junction of the Tuileries with the Place de la Concorde, are erected twin fountains of exquisite design, the admiration of all visitors to Paris, and peculiarly impressive in the gaslight. This polished basin of stone is surrounded by half a dozen figures, supporting a similar number of dolphins. Surrounding these may be seen forms of vessels and other symbolical designs, cut in marble, the whole forming a study, and particularly attractive.

We are now at the gateway of the Champs Elysees, the pleasure ground of Paris, and the finest avenue in the world. A glance at this brilliant thoroughfare at night, from the elevated steps at the Place de la Concorde, impresses the beholder with fascination and enchantment. This promenade, extending for a mile and a half, flooded with electric and gas light, forms a scene of brilliancy and splendor. With gas-lamps placed at intervals of twenty feet, interspersed by globes shedding a steady and intense electric light, some conception can be had of the almost noonday effulgence imparted to this avenue.

Add to this picture a wide promenade thronged with pedestrians on each side of the avenue, separated from the drive by a grass plat fifteen or twenty feet in width, bordered with shade-trees. At every step are to be found stands for the sale of toys and refreshments, and *cafés*, where light wines and absinthe are dispensed. Here also may be witnessed all kinds of juggling performances, including Punch and Judy entertainments, always attracting a gaping crowd. To the left, near the Palais l'Industrie, a mili-

tary band executes classical and popular music, which may be enjoyed on payment of a franc. To our right is the Hippodrome, the largest place of amusement in Paris, accommodating seven thousand people, and filled nightly. Ladies act as ushers here, as at all places of amusement in the city, furnishing cushions for use in the aisles, as a substitute for camp-stools, when the seats are all taken.

Those variegated lights mark a concert headquarters, where visitors sit in the open air, and the singers under elegant arbors adorned with flowers. Performers are dressed in costume, the suits of the women looking particularly attractive, with ornaments in their hair, and a jaunty French cap on the back of their heads. Here Parisians love to lounge and smoke, regaling themselves with national beverages. The stranger may here listen to pretty good singing while sipping a cup of coffee, or indulging in an ice. Concerts on a more extensive scale are given also at different points of the Champs Elysees, always well patronized by Parisians.

Dancing and balls are popular forms of amusement among the French for summer evenings, given in gardens threading this avenue. Prominent among these is the Garden Mabile, covering several acres, illuminated with a thousand lights, and adorned by fountains, flower-beds, arbors and walks in great profusion. Here meretricious and gaudy prostitution, and music adds a charm to the brilliant and fascinating scene.

Not least among the attractions of the Champs Elysees is the drive, filled at nine o'clock with the beauty and fashion of Paris on wheels. These are refining from the Bois de Boulogne, just outside of the fortifications, a favorite park resort for Parisians. The perpetual stream of carriages and splendid equipages, with high-spirited horses, gayly uniformed lackeys and drivers, forms an animated and pleasing picture. Though the Parisian ladies do not display dress and ornaments in the boulevard, at the Bois de Boulogne their attire is attractive, and even gay.

Flower-girls form a feature of the Champs Elysees at night, soliciting Frenchmen with waxed matches and strangers alike to invest twenty-five centimes in a cotton-hole bouquet. These girls in attractive outfit may be seen flitting among the crowd, or at the *cafés*, with elastic step and winsome smiles, rendering it difficult to resist their importunities. Many of them possess marked beauty, with clearly defined features, olive complexion, dark eyes and hair, and a lithe, symmetrical figure. The neat little cap which they wear, pretty bow, and trimmings of appropriate colors, impress the stranger with their simplicity.

Reaching Rue Royale, a few minutes' walk places us at the Madeleine, situated at the head of the boulevard by that name, and a continuation of Boulevards des Capucines and des Italiens. These thoroughfares form the leading resort for Parisians at night, with their attractions of crowded restaurants and *cafés*. The latter are models of splendor, patronized by all classes of society, some being resplendent with mirrors and other articles of luxury. Ladies as well as gentlemen frequent these *cafés*, where ices, lemonade and other cooling drinks may be procured, as well as Rhish and native wines.

Frenchmen love to resort here in the evening to discuss social and political topics, or play dominoes or cards in rooms surrounded with gilded trimmings and mirrors, and furnished with velvet-cushioned seats. The wide sidewalk in front are covered with little marble tables, the occupants smoking and sipping coffee, wine and absinthe, this last beverage forming the curse of Parisian society. Notwithstanding this universal custom of public drinking, drunkenness in the streets of Paris is the exception, owing, undoubtedly, to the nature of predominate light.

Not least among the attractions of these boulevards are the massive stores of white marble, considered models of architectural design and beauty. No more animated spectacle of Parisian life can be witnessed than is exhibited each night in this crowded thoroughfare, with its thronged *cafés*. Withdrawing from this fascinating scene at Avenue Opera, bathed in electric light throughout its entire length, we bid good-night to the streets of Paris, retiring at eleven o'clock to the quiet of our hotel.